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HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF CLARENCE AND AVONDALE TAKING HIS SEAT IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

When the present social epoch is described by posterity, it will, probably, be called the age of Fads. Not only is every abstinence—whether from tobacco, or cards, or coffee, or flesh—insisted upon by its little band of zealots as if it was the most important thing in life, but those fanciful matters, which have hitherto had only the passing attention they deserve, are now exalted into theories, and made the themes of serious contention. It is the day of storms in teacups. The latest subject of discussion is small enough, but is generating a good deal of heat in that scientific arena into which the introduction of a guinea-pig causes as much excitement as that of a tiger. It is the resemblance that is supposed to exist between man and wife after a long experience of matrimony. In all probability the fancy merely arises from the association of ideas: the husband reminds one of the wife, and *vice versâ*, because we are accustomed (except in fashionable circles) to see them together. As to their growing alike through being so much with one another, we might as well attribute the same result to a fox-terrier and a King Charles spaniel who occupy the same rug. Indeed, if there was really anything in such a notion, why do not business partners, who see quite as much of one another as a married couple (and quarrel not much more frequently), become also like one another? It would be very inconvenient if Jorkins acquired the benevolent air that distinguishes his less obliging "Co.," and would seriously embarrass the transactions of the firm. The subject would hardly be worth consideration except as an example of the way in which Science is always ready to play into the hands of the Theorists. The Photographic Society of Geneva have been taking the portraits of seventy-eight old couples, and found "quite a striking similarity" in twenty-four of them. A little self-introspection would, one would think, have satisfied them that some men, in late life (and even before it), whether married or not, are very like old women.

It is seldom, indeed, that one sees a "Christmas Number" now in the shops with the magic name of Dickens on it. Numerous as they once were, they have become rare, and, therefore, valuable. New editions of them, indeed, in "book form" are common enough. From a recent statement of his publishers we learn that the works of the great master are more in demand than ever, and that the report of his popularity being on the wane was a mere invention of the dullards. (It is quite curious how the dull man hates Dickens. I suppose it is the secret consciousness of his having possessed in unparalleled profusion that gift of humour denied to the poor wretch.) His circulation is literally reckoned by the million. But those little paper-covered volumes, looking like (yet so unlike) a pamphlet, in which the schoolboy and the sage used to invest their pence with equal pleasure, have almost disappeared from the stalls. And now, once again, there is a new one to be found there. One rubs one's eyes, like Rip Van Winkle, at the sight of it. It is not, indeed, a Christmas number, but a Summer one, and, though at the foot of the title-page there is the well-loved name, it has a female prefix: Mary Angela Dickens. It is his granddaughter. Though I have not the honour of the young lady's personal acquaintance, I take off my hat, as no doubt thousands of others will do, and welcome her, with a hearty cheer, to the ranks of literature. Her arrival there is well though sadly timed. It is twenty years ago, exactly, in this very month of flowers, that we lost the very flower and crown of storytellers. The pathos which cynics sneered at, but which moved all generous hearts to love and pity, the wit that never couched its shining lance save in the cause of the weak and the poor, are still with us, though the man is dead; and it is pleasant to see one of his race and name pursuing the calling he adorned and loved and elevated. May the promise that is shown in "A Mist of Error," as Miss Dickens calls her story, be fulfilled in a sunshine of success!

A new form of American humour has been developed in a letter written to the *Athenæum* by a citizen of the United States in connection with the rejection of the Copyright Bill. He admits that the ordinary excuses put forward for the behaviour of Congress in the matter are untenable, but gives an explanation of it of his own, which is not only satisfactory, but changes disgust into admiration. The whole thing, it seems, arises from the passionate, though abstract, love of the Congress for Justice! The late Bill, it seems, did not go far enough in the interests of the alien author. There were certain details omitted, necessary to perfect equity, that shocked the delicate sense of the majority of the House. (The hon. member who stated in his place that he did not care whether things were stolen or not so long as they were cheap, must, we suppose, have been irresponsible for his actions, or, at all events, for his speech.) So far from imputing dishonesty to it, what should be understood is that it has so tender a conscience that it refuses to assent to any measure in which the least blemish of unfairness can be discovered with the microscope. In future, this humourist is convinced, if a Copyright Bill, which is honourable and honest throughout, such as he offers to frame himself, is presented to Congress, it is sure to pass. Under these satisfactory though somewhat unlooked-for circumstances, one would venture to suggest that the Bill should contain a proviso for back payments for all previous "conveyances," in which case one concludes by analogy that it would be carried unanimously.

I suppose it is impossible that a crusade can be undertaken except by fanatics, or rather that a fanatic should fail to come to the front of it; but certainly the conduct of our anti-everythingarians would seem to suggest their being among the most ignorant of human beings. No one endowed with reason and good feeling but wishes that what is vicious and unwholesome should be put down and done away with; but the means employed to accomplish this are often so destitute of common-sense as to make their well-wishers ashamed of them. "The Creator," once observed a very silly clergyman to a very wise one, "has no need of your wisdom"; to which the other replied, "But still more has He no need of your folly." And the same answer may be made nowadays to some of the Don Quixotes who tilt at our national vices. The president of an institution calling itself the Anti-Gambling League is thus reputed to have expressed himself: "We shall never strike a death-blow at gambling until we brand everyone who gambles as a thief; and whether a man gambles in the drawing-room, or on the Stock Exchange, or at a Church Bazaar, he is a thief, and the consent of his victims only proves that they are as stupid and immoral as himself." As to immorality, a man may talk like this, and for all I know be as pure as new-fallen snow, but as to the other thing, one wonders how the A. G. L. discovered him! Do institutions of this kind advertise for the adult with the least knowledge of human life in the country, and then forthwith elect him for their leader? To palter with vice is one thing, but to run amuck in the cause of virtue and offend as many respectable persons, to start with, as possible, is surely not to be recommended.

In the *North American Review* for June there are no less than seven articles upon the question "Do Americans hate England?" elicited by Professor Goldwin Smith's recent essay on that subject. Some of them are interesting and curious enough. Mr. Horace Porter tells us that, while some people accuse his countrymen of Anglophobia, there is no little evidence of the contrary feeling among them—"Anglomania." One of the symptoms of the attack is observed in the terms employed. "We find here Victoria Hotels, Her Majesty's Opera, Royal baking-powder, Imperial trains, and harness-makers to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales; and when the anthem of 'John Brown' is sung there seems to be a confusion in some minds as to whether the reference to the possessor of so progressive a soul is an allusion to our hero of Harper's Ferry or to the Queen's late 'gillie.'" He tells us a story even of an Irishman who, being asked by a lady to whom he applied for the post of coachman, "Are you an Englishman?" replies, "No, Mum, I was born in Oirland; but I've lived so long in Ameriky that I suppose I do seem quite English." These encouraging statements, however, only refer to the upper classes in America, or their dependants. There appears, unhappily, to be a widespread antagonism to us among the lower orders, chiefly owing to the fact of our respective great-grandfathers not having been on good terms with one another. This feeling is not reciprocated in England by any class. Politics are with us a matter more apart, and generate no international ill-feeling. As for the sentiments of British authors, with which I have some acquaintance, the notion of Americans entertaining "hatred" to us is indeed amazing. The Lamb has been for generations the victim of the Wolf, and has had his own opinion of the transaction, but he has never accused him of hatred: on the contrary, he complains that he is much too fond of Lamb, and devours it without mint sauce—compensation.

There are fashions in scoundrelism as in everything else, and, just as lawn-tennis has taken the place of croquet, the three-card trick has ousted thimble-rigging. A gentleman, as justly celebrated for his engaging manners as for his manual dexterity, has just been sentenced to a period of seclusion for the former offence. It is not a misdemeanour to play with fifty-two cards in a railway carriage, but to take three of them, and playfully incite your fellow-travellers to bet upon their identity when lying face downward, is contrary to the law. It seems hard—and very inconsistent—but the law is often both. It was not, however, the law which put down thimble-rigging, but a gentleman well known in sporting circles, who (as I believe) became indignant with it, as infringing upon his rights and privileges in a higher region of finance. I had a slight (and I am glad to say transitory) acquaintance with him, as a minor. At that time I was an undergraduate at Cambridge, and the railway to and from that respectable University was much frequented by thimble-riggers. My friend (if he will allow me to call him so) found the assistance he was good enough to extend to the youth of the period was often rendered valueless by this practice, and (what was of more consequence) that the debts they intended to pay him were made bad debts through their losing the money on their way up to town. "I must see to this myself," he said—a phrase which in his mouth had great significance. He was six feet high, and broad in proportion, and had a fancy for carrying in his pocket what is called, strangely enough, a life-preserver, though it is generally, so to speak, "retained on the other side." Though his hands were large, they were dexterous: and it was a very slight compliment to his character to call him determined. (A puisne judge at last got the better of him, however, but that's neither here nor there.) He took a first-class ticket to Cambridge one day, dressed as a well-to-do farmer, and got into the same carriage as the gentlemen of the pea and thimbles. He lost a few shillings at this little game, but presently got a good stake on. Then he said, "I *think* the pea is under *this* thimble." And it was. At the same time he tipped over the two other thimbles to show that it was not there. There was a moment of indecision about payment, but he took out his life-preserver, and the matter was peacefully arranged; the other gentlemen got out at the next station, nor were they ever seen on that line again. Moreover, so many persons of resolution and a turn for adventure followed my friend's example of supplying the missing pea, that the whole industry of thimble-rigging was paralysed by it, and presently fell into disuse.

Colonel the Hon. H. F. Eaton, of the Grenadier Guards, who has had command of the National Rifle Association's Camp at Wimbledon for several years past, is to be appointed to the command at the Bisley prize meeting.

THE COURT.

The Queen, accompanied by Princess Henry of Battenberg and her children, and the children of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, arrived at Windsor on June 21. Prince Henry of Battenberg had proceeded to the Great Western Station to meet the Queen and Princess. Her Majesty appeared to have benefited greatly by her stay in the Highlands, and she walked with ease for some distance along the platform to the waiting-room without assistance. On Sunday morning, the 22nd, the Royal family attended divine service at the Royal Mausoleum at Frogmore. Divine service was afterwards performed in the private chapel in the castle. The Duke and Duchess of Connaught arrived at Windsor at 2 p.m. (on their return from India, viâ China, Japan, and Canada), having landed at Liverpool and travelled by special train. They were met at the station by the Queen, the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Duke of Clarence and Avondale, Princesses Victoria and Maud of Wales, Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, and Princess Margaret, Prince Arthur, and Princess Victoria Patricia of Connaught, and drove to the castle with her Majesty. On the 23rd the Queen reviewed the Royal Horse Guards, the 2nd Battalion Coldstream Guards, and the Eton Volunteers in Windsor Park. The Prince and Princess of Wales and many other members of the Royal family were present, and the display was of a brilliant character. Count Mensdorff arrived at the castle on a visit to the Queen, and was included in the Royal dinner party. Lord Salisbury paid a visit to the Queen in the afternoon.

The Prince and Princess of Wales and their daughters, Prince Christian and his daughters, Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, and other distinguished personages were present at the musical ride performed by the Royal Horse Guards in the Great Park, Windsor, on June 21. They also attended a cricket-match between the Windsor Garrison and I Zingari, and several games at polo. The Royal party afterwards proceeded to Virginia Water. On Sunday morning, the 22nd, their Royal Highnesses, accompanied by the members of their family and the Duke of Cambridge, drove from Sunningdale to Windsor, where they attended divine service at Holy Trinity Church. The Prince and Princess, accompanied by the Duke of Clarence and Avondale and Princesses Victoria and Maud, returned to London on the morning of the 23rd from Sunningdale Park. The Duke and Duchess of Connaught visited the Prince and Princess of Wales, and remained to luncheon. Prince Albert Victor took the oath and his seat in the House of Lords as Duke of Clarence and Avondale. In the evening the Prince and Princess, the Duke of Clarence and Avondale, Princess Victoria, and the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh witnessed the performance of "Le Prophète" at the Royal Italian Opera. At the opening of the new branch of the Seamen's Hospital, on June 24, the Duke of Edinburgh, as President of the Society, represented the hospital, and received the Prince and Princess of Wales. The Duchess of Fife is progressing most favourably.

Major his Royal Highness Albert Victor Christian Edward, Duke of Clarence and Avondale, K.G., K.P., A.D.C., is gazetted Honorary Colonel of the 4th (Prince Albert Victor's) Regiment of Bengal Infantry.

The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, who were the guests of Prince and Princess Christian at Cumberland Lodge during Ascot Races, left Windsor on June 21 and returned to London.

Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg came to Buckingham Palace on June 24 from Windsor for the purpose of attending the State Concert the next evening.

THE DUKE OF CLARENCE AND AVONDALE IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

On Monday, June 23, in the House of Lords, when the Lord Chancellor took his seat upon the woolsack, there was a full attendance of Peers. His Royal Highness Prince Albert Victor Christian Edward of Wales took the oath and his seat, and subscribed the roll, on his creation to hold the honours and dignities of Earl of Athlone, and Duke of Clarence and Avondale, in the peerage of the United Kingdom. The young Prince was introduced by his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales and his Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh, assisted by the Duke of Norfolk, Hereditary Earl Marshal, Lord Aveland, Hereditary Lord Great Chamberlain, Admiral Sir James R. Drummond, Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod, and Sir Albert Woods, Garter King of Arms. His Royal Highness was conducted to the chair on the left of the Cloth of Estate, on which he took his seat with the usual ceremonies. The patents of creation were read by the Hon. Slingsby Bethell, the Reading Clerk and Clerk of Outdoor Committees. The Princess of Wales and Princesses Victoria and Maud of Wales were present in the Royal Gallery to witness the ceremony, and a number of ladies were seated in the Peeresses' Gallery. The Earl of Lathom, Lord Chamberlain, read a message from her Majesty, declaring that she had taken into consideration the message from the House setting forth the report of the Committee for Privileges with regard to the precedence and seat in the House of his Royal Highness; and that it was her gracious pleasure that he should take precedence next after the Duke of Connaught, and before the Duke of Albany, and should sit in a seat placed on the left of the Cloth of Estate. It should be observed that special provision was made in the case of the late Prince Consort to enable him to sit beside her Majesty on the Throne on State occasions, and the Princess of Wales enjoys the same privilege as that now conferred on her elder son. On ordinary occasions the Duke of Clarence and Avondale, like other Peers of the Blood Royal, will sit on the cross benches.

ROYAL VISIT TO THE DOCKS.

An Illustration of the new building for a branch of the Seamen's Hospital at the Victoria and Albert Docks below Blackwall appears on another page. It was opened by the Prince and Princess of Wales on Tuesday, June 24. Their Royal Highnesses went down the river on board the steamer H. M. Stanley from Westminster Bridge. The shipping near the docks had been decorated for the occasion. At the entrance to the Albert Dock a battery of the 1st Essex Artillery Volunteers fired a salute. The steamer passed through the dock, passing the fleets of the Peninsular and Oriental Company and other lines, the crews of which manned the yards and gave three ringing cheers, the bands of various corps playing the National Anthem. On disembarking, their Royal Highnesses were received by the president, the Duke of Edinburgh, and the committee of the hospital, and the chairman and deputy chairman of the London and India Docks Joint Committee. A procession was formed to No. 31 shed, which had been tastefully decorated. After prayers by the Bishop of Colchester, the Prince and Princess were presented with an address, read by the president. On leaving the daïs, which was filled with distinguished personages, the Prince and Princess of Wales went by railway in a saloon carriage to inspect the hospital, after which they returned to the shed, and declared the hospital opened. They also visited the Seamen's Hospital at Greenwich.

ANGLO-GERMAN ARRANGEMENTS IN AFRICA.

Our Map is intended to illustrate the terms of a preliminary agreement recently arrived at with Germany with reference to the delimitation of British and German territories in Africa. All territories recognised as belonging to Great Britain, or claimed by her, are stippled, while German territories and claims are shaded diagonally. Boundaries established by treaties between European Powers are indicated by thick lines of specks. All other boundaries are dotted in a less conspicuous manner.

The recent agreement with Germany deals with three distinct parts of Africa—namely, the Guinea Coast, South-Western Africa, and Eastern Africa.

On the Guinea Coast Germany established herself in 1887, and gradually extended her influence from Togo Land, immediately to the east of the British Gold Coast, far into the interior, where a station—Bismarckburg—was established. By the present agreement England concedes to Germany a portion of the Ewe or Krepe country, including Kpando. Germany thus gains access to the upper Volta River, and may possibly claim possession of the important commercial town of Salaga.

In South-Western Africa, Germany, it is stated, claimed not only the country around Lake Ngami, but also the region lying to the east of that lake, as far as the Victoria Falls of the Zambesi. The grounds upon which these exaggerated claims were based are not quite clear. Suffice it to say that Germany now contents herself with a strip of country giving access to the Upper Zambesi, and bounded on the north by a line agreed upon between her and Portugal. This territory, as shown on our Map, covers an area of 27,100 square miles. It should, however, be stated that our knowledge of this part of Africa is still very imperfect. There can be no doubt as to Lake Ngami and Moremi's country lying within the British sphere; but the position of Ndara is very doubtful, and a modification of the boundary may become necessary if the evident intentions of the contracting parties are to be realised. Walvisch Bay remains with England; but it might be worth considering, subject, of course, to the consent of the Cape Government, whether it would not be worth while surrendering this bay to Germany, in return for the strip of territory conceded in the direction of the Zambesi.

Far more important than the territorial changes effected in Western Africa are those which have been brought about in East Africa. The arrangements made in 1886 proved far from satisfactory. Roughly speaking, the Sultanate of Vitu, or Witu, had then been assigned to Germany; the country between the Tana and Umba Rivers (Wanga), as far as the Victoria Nyanza, was handed over to the Imperial British East Africa Company, while the vast region to the south, as far as the Rovuma, was allotted to Germany. Nothing was said about the interior. The position of England became worse when Germany, in October 1889, declared a protectorate over the coast lying between the Jub River and the Sultanate of Vitu.

Germany, by virtue of this earlier agreement, claimed the whole of the interior, between 1 deg. S. and 11 deg. 30 min. S., as far as the Congo State, and she has even cast longing glances towards Uganda and the Nile provinces, until recently held by Emin Pasha on behalf of Egypt. England, on the other hand, insisted upon retaining possession of the country between the Nyassa and the south end of Tanganyika, where British traders and missionaries had firmly established themselves, and which is traversed by the road made by Mr. James Stevenson of Largs; England likewise considered herself entitled to the territory which separates the south-west shore of Victoria Nyanza from the north end of Tanganyika. There was even some talk, at least in the Press, of converting the whole of Tanganyika into a British lake, and thus establishing a band of British territory which would have joined the territories of the African Lakes Company, and those of British South Africa generally, with the territories granted to the Imperial British East Africa Company on the Victoria Nyanza and the Upper Nile.

The negotiations carried on at Berlin with the view of settling these conflicting claims have resulted in an agreement which may be looked upon as a fair compromise, and certainly leaves Germany in possession of a vast colonial province, of great potentialities, to which neither the work of her explorers nor the civilising efforts of her traders or missionaries can be said to entitle her.

The territorial results of these negotiations are as follows:—

The Sultanate of Zanzibar is declared to be a British "Protectorate," excepting that mainland portion of it which lies to the south of Wanga, and which is to be ceded to Germany, on payment of an indemnity. The Zanzibar ports to the north of the river Jub—namely, Barawa, Merka, Magadoxo, and Warsheikh—are to be administered by Italy. Deducting the area of the territories around these three ports (320 square miles), as also the coastland ceded to Germany (5440 square miles), there remain to Zanzibar 3670 square miles. These include the port of Kismayu, with the mouth of the Jub; the coastland between the Osi and Wanga, with the convenient port of Mombasa, and the islands of Lamu, Manda, and Pata in the north, and of Pemba, Zanzibar, and Mafia in the south.

Germany has surrendered her claims to the Sultanate of Vitu, at the back of Lamu Island, as also to the whole of the region between the rivers Jub and Tana, which were declared a German Protectorate in October 1889. The navigable Jub will thus in future separate the territories of the British East Africa Company from Italian Somali Land, while the navigable Tana lies wholly within British territory. Uganda and the countries to the north-west of the Victoria Nyanza are retained by England, in accordance with the convention of 1886, but the claims of Germany to the greater portion of the district lying to the south of latitude 1 deg. between the two lakes have been conceded, England merely retaining the country around the lofty Mfumbiro Mountain. The region thus surrendered includes the kingdom of Karagwe, an ancient dependency of the Empire of Uganda. The whole of these northern British territories form the domain of the Imperial British East Africa Company, and, as delineated upon our Map, they cover an area of 250,730 square miles—viz.:—

	Square Miles.
Zanzibar, Islands to the South of the Jub	1,200
Zanzibar, Mainland to the South of the Jub	2,270
Territory conceded in 1886, including Uganda	109,650
Vitu and the Somali Coast Land, surrendered by Germany	65,160
Territory to the North, to lat. 30 N.	71,000
The district around Mfumbiro Mountain	1,250
British East Africa	250,530

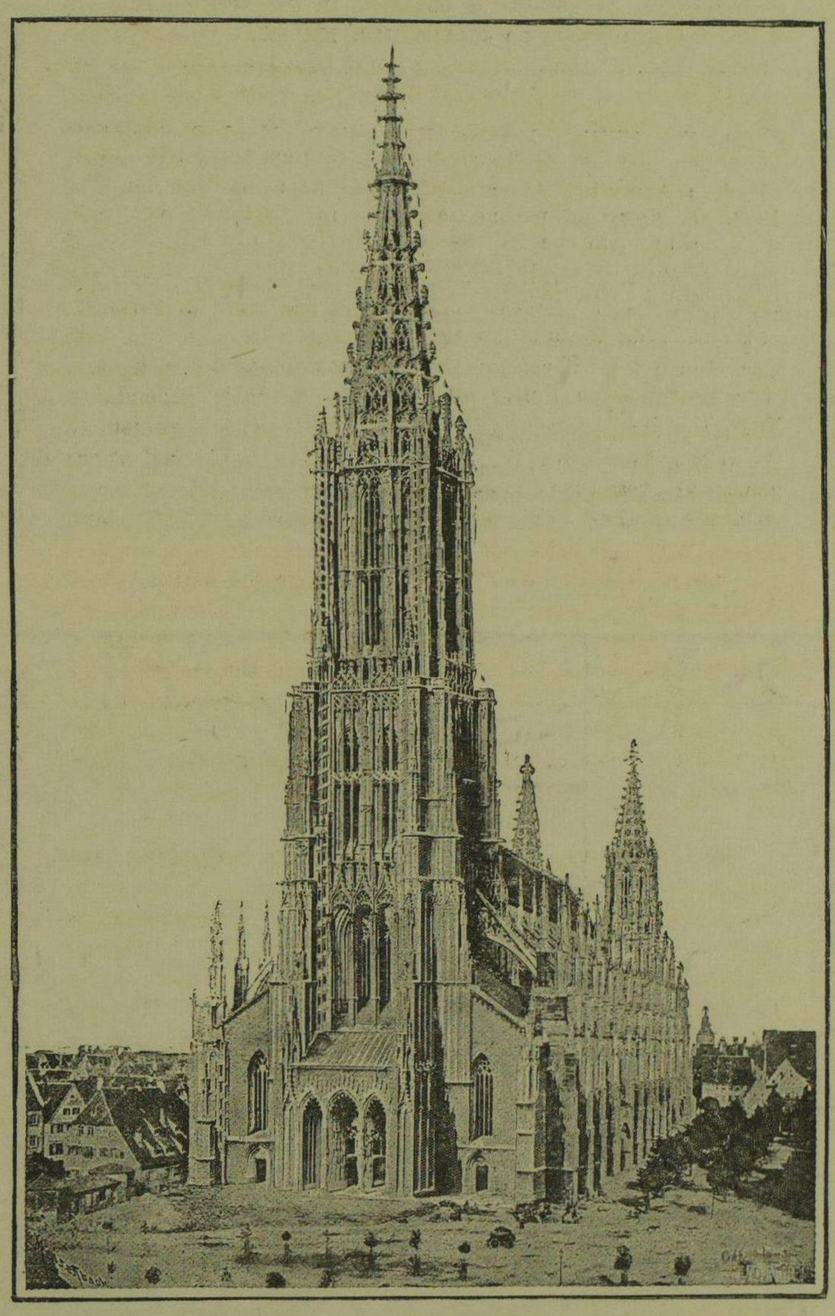
This is an area more than double that of the British Islands, and it should be noted that it is capable of immense expansion towards the north and north-west, where lie the pastoral regions of Somali, Galla, and Masai, and the exceedingly fertile countries of the Upper Nile and the Welle.

Every square degree added in that direction is equivalent to an increase of 4700 square miles. Unyoro and the old Egyptian provinces on the Upper Nile contain about fifty-five of these square degrees, or 150,000 square miles.

German East Africa covers an area of 344,550 square miles. It includes the former coastland of Zanzibar (5440 square miles), as also Karagwe and other districts between the Victoria Nyanza and the north end of Tanganyika (16,180 square miles). In the west it extends to the lake just named and to the Nyassa, while in the south a boundary agreed upon with Portugal in 1886 separates it from Mozambique. Germany originally also claimed the country between the Nyassa and the south end of Tanganyika, but ultimately agreed to surrender the territory lying to the south of a line drawn from the Rukuru, which enters Lake Nyassa at Karonga, to the mouth of the Kigoma, a tributary of the Tanganyika, and including the whole of the Stevenson Road. Assuming that the territory thus surrendered extends in the south to latitude 11 deg. 30 min. S., and to the west to the generally accepted boundary of the Congo State, its area would be 61,600 square miles. The territory forms part of the domain of the African Lakes Company, whose natural outlet is through the Shiré and Zambesi Rivers into the Indian Ocean. It is to be hoped that a satisfactory arrangement may be made with the Portuguese Government to define the British boundaries in that direction.

THE CATHEDRAL OF ULM.

The city of Ulm, in Würtemberg, celebrates this year, from June 28 to July 1, the completion of its noble cathedral, the building of which was commenced in 1377. It was on the five hundredth anniversary of its foundation, in 1877, that the work of restoring or repairing parts of this magnificent Gothic edifice, which had been begun a few years before, was followed by a determination to raise the great tower, left unfinished in 1494 by Matthew Boblinger, the architect of that period, to the height of the original design, which has now been executed with entire fidelity by an architect of the present day, Professor Adolf Beyer. The two side towers, at the other end of the building, had been erected in 1880 by Ludwig Scheu; while in the interior he had reconstructed the main arches of the nave, and had adorned the exterior, likewise, with a graceful outer gallery around the choir. Under the direction of the Head Burgomaster of Ulm, Herr Karl Heim, and with the patronage of the King of Würtemberg, a committee was formed to collect donations and subscriptions in that city and country, and all over Germany, to which the Protestant congregations and societies have largely contributed, for the Reformed Church is in the ascendancy in Würtemberg, and this cathedral is the seat of Lutheran worship. The appeal for funds was sufficiently responded to for undertaking the actual work of building the grand tower; the first stone was laid on June 30, 1885, and on May 31, in the present year, the summit of the spire was crowned with the top stone, which terminates a pinnacle formed in the shape of a double cross, with projecting arms of sculptured floral device. This pinnacle is 528 ft. high, which is 16 ft. above that of Cologne Cathedral, and considerably higher than the spires of Strasburg, St. Nicholas at Hamburg, and others of renowned altitude, while it rises far above the dome of St. Peter's at Rome. Ulm Cathedral may indeed now boast the loftiest church spire in the world, and one of the most beautiful, harmonising perfectly with the tower from which it ascends, and with all the rest of the building. It will be observed, however, that the position of the tower, rising immediately above the west front of the cathedral, is singularly different from the plan of most of the ancient Gothic cathedrals, in which the tower stands at the intersection of the nave with the transepts. Historically, this grand church was never intended for a Catholic Bishop's cathedral, or even for a minster or abbey, but for the "Pfarr-kirche," or parish church, of the good old German town. Its erection was by no means the work of ecclesiastical potentates, but of the town council and citizens of Ulm in 1377, headed by their worthy old burgomaster, Ludwig Krafft, who laid the foundation-stone, assisted by Jobs Ehinger and Conrad Besserer, with a religious service performed by the local clergy. There was no Bishop of Ulm. This characteristic prevalence of the lay and civic element in the originating design of what is called Ulm Cathedral may not be uncongenial to the Protestant feelings of the townsmen, who think as much of it, in their interesting city on the Danube, as those of Cologne, on the Rhine, must think of their own majestic cathedral, finished not many years ago.



THE CATHEDRAL OF ULM, WÜRTEMBERG, NOW COMPLETED.

THE LATE MAJOR-GENERAL C. B. BRACKENBURY, R.A.

This accomplished military officer, Director of Artillery studies at Woolwich, who died of heart disease, in a railway carriage, on June 20, was born in 1831. He was educated at the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich, entered the Royal Artillery, and, after passing through the usual grades, became Colonel Oct. 1, 1882. He has been an Assistant Instructor in Artillery at the Royal Military Academy, Assistant Director of Artillery studies, Deputy Assistant Quartermaster-General in the Intelligence Department of the War Office, Superintending Officer of Garrison Instruction, Assistant Director of Military Education, and Superintendent of the Royal Gunpowder Factory. In 1887 he was appointed Director of Artillery Studies at Woolwich, with the temporary rank of Major-General. General Brackenbury was present at the siege of Sebastopol, and went through the Bohemian campaign of 1866 and the campaign of Le Mans with the army of Prince Frederick Charles, in 1871. He also accompanied the Russian army during the campaign of 1877, in Bulgaria, and crossed the Balkans with the advanced guard under General Gourko. He was one of the best and most extensive writers on all military subjects, and was the author of "European Armaments in 1867," "The Constitutional Forces of Great Britain," "Foreign Armies and Home Reserves" (1871), "The Winter Campaign of Prince Frederick Charles in 1870-71," "Reforms in the French Army," translated in the Intelligence Department, Horse Guards, War Office, 1874; many essays and lectures on military affairs; and a "Life of Frederick the Great." He also edited a series of military handbooks, one of which, on the technical construction and tactical use of fieldworks, was written by himself.

THE LATE SIR WARINGTON SMYTH.

This eminent scientific and practical mineralogist, who died on June 19, at the age of seventy-three, was eldest son of Admiral W. H. Smyth, and brother to General Sir Henry Augustus Smyth, R.E., Governor of Malta. He was born at Naples, his mother being daughter of Mr. T. Warington, British Consul there; was educated at Westminster and Bedford Schools and Trinity College, Cambridge, and, having gained a travelling bachelorship, commenced a personal inspection and study of the mineral products and mining industries of Germany, Austria, Hungary, European Turkey, and Asia Minor, which occupied him four years. On his return to England, in 1844, he was appointed by Sir Henry de la Beche to a post on the Geological Survey. In 1851, on the formation of the Royal School of Mines in Jermyn-street, he became lecturer on mineralogy and mining, the former till 1881, the latter to his death. About the same time he was appointed inspector of the mineral property of the Duchy of Cornwall, and soon afterwards Chief Mineral Inspector to the Crown, under the Commissioners of Woods and Forests. For the Geological Society he has done much, having been one of the honorary secretaries from 1856 to 1866, president in 1866 and 1867, and foreign secretary for the last sixteen years. In 1879 he was appointed Chairman of the Royal Commission on Accidents in Coal Mines, to the duties of which office he devoted much labour during seven years, and for this and other public services he received the honour of knighthood in 1887. Besides technical reports and contributions to scientific literature, he published in 1856 a book entitled "A Year with the Turks," and, in 1867, "A Rudimentary Treatise on Coal and Coal Mining," a standard work now in its sixth edition, which has been translated into the principal foreign languages. He married, in 1864, Anna Maria Antonia, daughter of Mr. Anthony M. R. Story-Maskelyne of Basset Down, Wilts, and granddaughter of Dr. Nevill Maskelyne, Astronomer-Royal, and leaves two sons.

The Portrait is from a photograph by Mr. Abel Lewis, Douglas, Isle of Man.

THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL EXHIBITION.

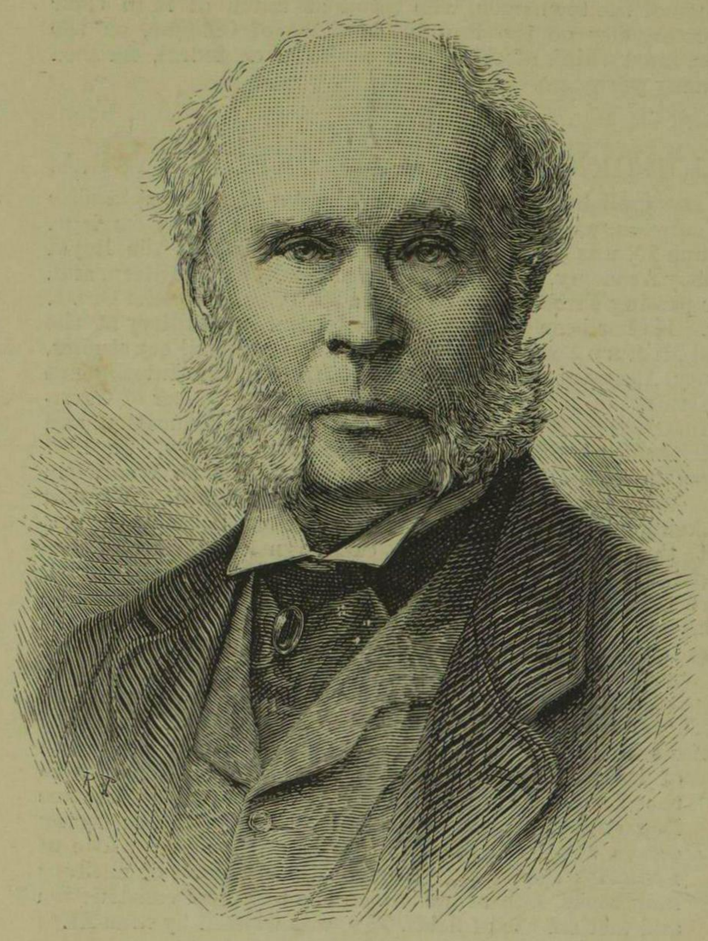
The Royal Agricultural Society have secured a very picturesque site for this year's annual show, which opened on June 21 at Plymouth, and from the showyard fine views of the three towns—Plymouth, Devonport, and Stonehouse—can be obtained. A large View of the showyard was given in our last issue. This year the entries of cattle are 641; horses, 341; sheep, 576; and pigs, 221; making a total of 1779, against a total of 857 in 1865, when the society last visited the town. The amount offered in prizes is £4739, besides which local prizes were awarded by the local committee, as well as premiums for various competitions. The show of instruments is large and varied, and the dairy department, as might be expected from the *locale* of the society, is most important. Only the implement department and the working dairy were opened on the first day.

The judging of the horses and cattle took place on the 23rd. The Queen was especially successful as a prize-winner, her Majesty having taken a champion prize, two firsts, two high commendations, and a commendation in the shorthorn classes, and a commendation in the Hereford class. The Prince of Wales obtained a first prize, two reserves, and a commendation for Southdown sheep, and a third prize for a shorthorn bull. The show generally is considered to be one of the best ever held under the auspices of the Royal Agricultural Society.

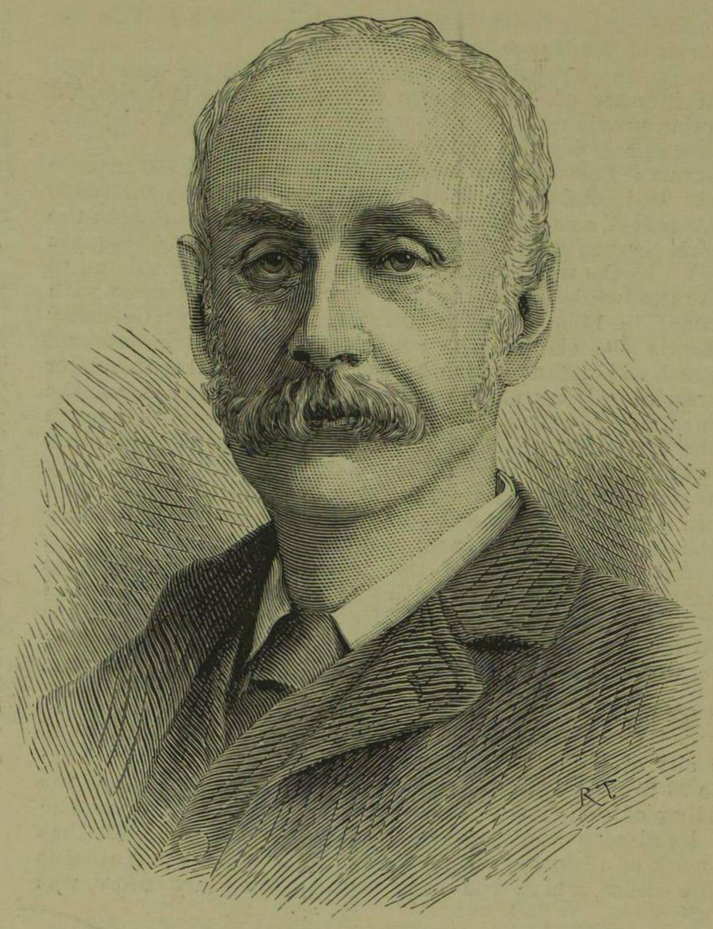
Special operatic performances of "Rip Van Winkle" were given by the Meistersingers' Amateur Operatic Society and Orchestra, on June 25 and 27, at the right pleasant resort of this club in St. James's-street.

In recognition of his efforts to promote turf reform, the Earl of Durham has been presented with a beautiful album, containing the names of four hundred subscribers, representative of all classes of the community. Accompanying the book was a sum of over £300, which his Lordship said he should hand over to the Rous Memorial Fund, at Newmarket.

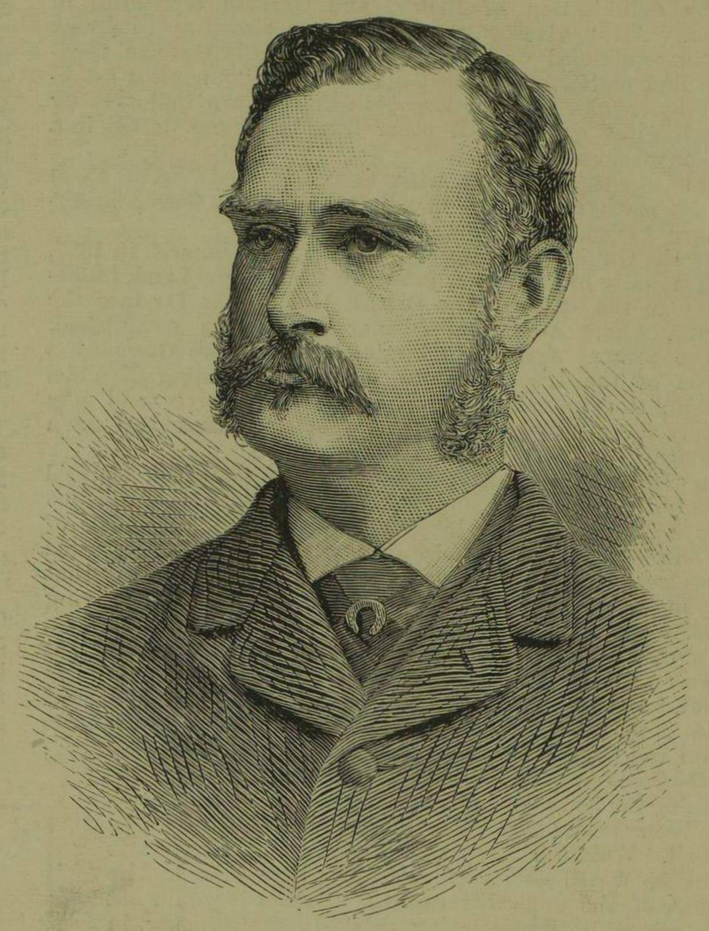
Under the auspices of the London Hungarian Association of Benevolence, a ball was given on June 23, at Princes' Hall, Piccadilly. The company, which numbered about five hundred, included the Duke of Teck, Count Deym, the Austro-Hungarian Ambassador, Countess Deym, the Spanish Ambassador, and the Lord and Lady Mayoress.



THE LATE SIR WARINGTON SMYTH, F.R.S.



SIR EDWARD BRADFORD, K.C.S.I.,
THE NEW COMMISSIONER OF METROPOLITAN POLICE.



THE LATE MAJOR-GENERAL C. B. BRACKENBURY, R.A.

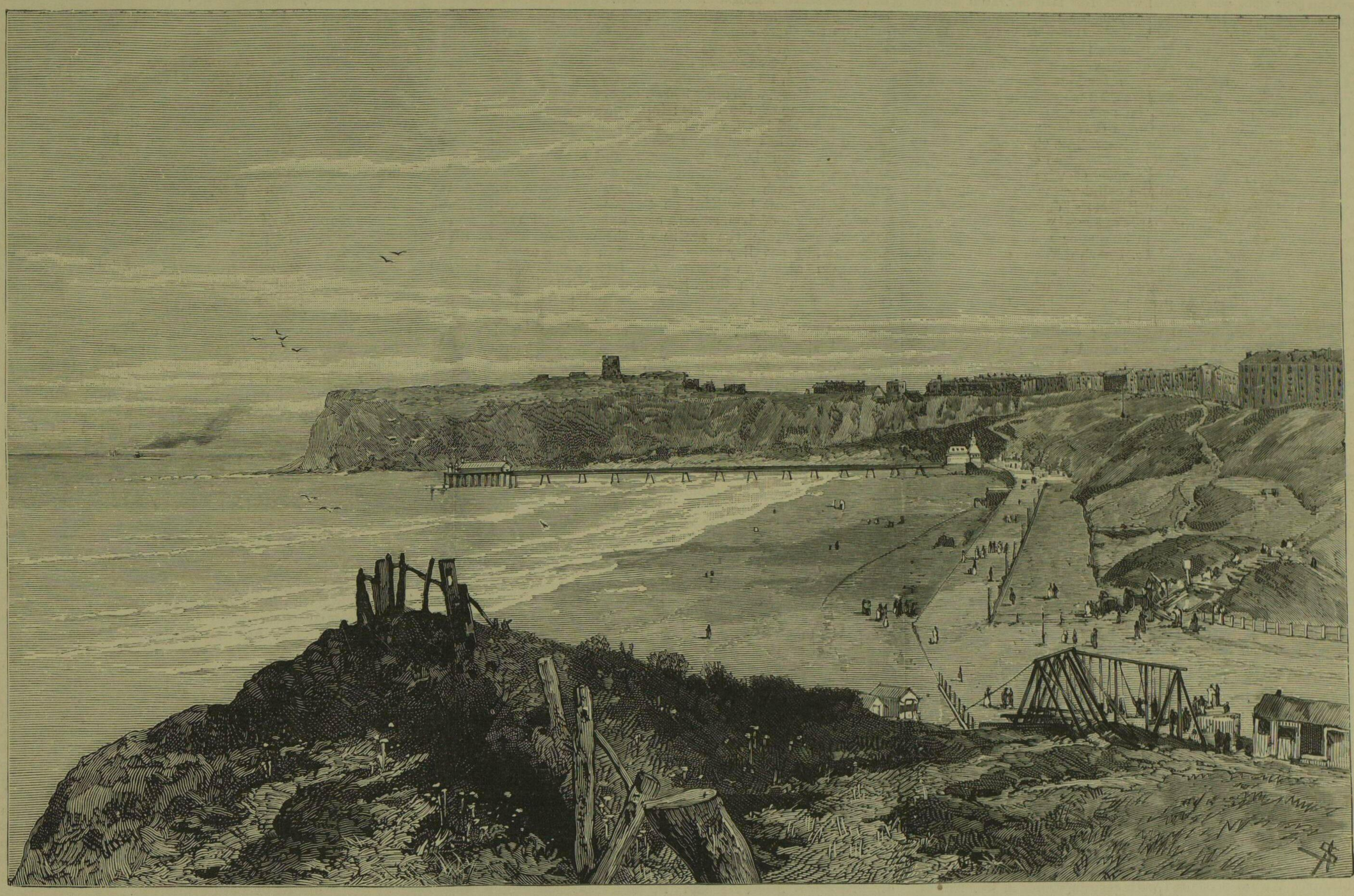
THE NEW COMMISSIONER OF POLICE.

Sir Edward Ridley Colbourne Bradford, K.C.S.I., has been appointed Chief Commissioner of Metropolitan Police, in succession to Mr. Monro. He is a Colonel in the Madras Staff Corps, but for many years past has worked in the Civil Service of India, his last appointment being that of agent for the Governor-General at Rajpootana. Since his retirement from India he has been Secretary of the Political and Secret Department of the India Office. Sir Edward Bradford is a son of the Rev. William Mussage Kirkwall Bradford, Rector of West Meon, Southampton, and was born in 1836. He entered the Madras Army in 1853, and attained the rank of Colonel in 1882. During that period he served in the Persian campaign (1857) and in the North-West Provinces (1858-9). Sir Edward, who in 1885 was made a K.C.S.I., was chief of the staff attending Prince Albert Victor during his recent tour in India. He has lost one of his arms, the result of an encounter with a tiger some years ago.

Mr. Monro finally relinquished his post of Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police on June 21, and introduced his successor, Sir Edward Bradford, to the principal officers at Scotland-yard. After Mr. Monro had spoken a few words of farewell to his late subordinates, Chief Superintendent Fisher, on behalf of all the officers and men of the force, tendered the expression of their deep regret at his retirement. Sir E. Bradford briefly addressed the Superintendents, asking them to extend to him that loyal support which had been enjoyed by his predecessor.

The Bishop of Ely has caused all the ancient records of that diocese, which have hitherto been scattered in various places, to be removed to the Episcopal Palace, where they are deposited in a spacious muniment room, so as to be available for future historical research.

MAP OF THE BRITISH AND GERMAN POSSESSIONS IN AFRICA.



SCARBOROUGH: VIEW FROM THE NORTH.

SARAH BERNHARDT AS JOAN OF ARC, AT HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

The reappearance of Madame Sarah Bernhardt, after her severe illness, in the character of Jeanne d'Arc recalls a celebrated controversy that was started when the late Mr. Tom Taylor wrote a play on the same subject for the "beautiful Mrs. Rousby," and produced it at the old Queen's Theatre in Long Acre. A writer in the *Athenæum*, who signed himself "Q." (Mr. Thomas Purnell), wrote as follows of the author of "Joan of Arc": "There is no occasion for him to rely on his own resources, and, emulating writers with whom bodily peril forms the point of interest, roast an actress in Long Acre. He should not waste his ability upon devising with a theatrical carpenter historical tableaux illustrating the life of Jeanne d'Arc, but confine himself to the production of drama original in the Taylorian sense." Whereupon Charles Reade rushed to the defence of his old friend and collaborator Tom Taylor, and wrote his celebrated letter on "criticasters," defending the author of "Joan of Arc" from the charge of brutal realism. He pointed out how Rachel in the same character was burned at the stake. "She stood," wrote Mr. Charles Reade, "on a small working platform arranged to fall about two feet to a stop. The effect was truthful but appalling, for when the fire had burned a little time the great actress, who did nothing by halves, turned rigid and seemed to fall like a burned log from her supports. It conveyed, and was intended to convey, that the lower extremities had been burned away and the figure dropped into the flames. Of course the curtain fell like lightning then, and up to the moment preceding that awful incident the face of the actress shone like an angel's, and was divine with the triumph of the great soul over the very flames that were destroying the mortal body. Believe me, Sir, no author—French or English—can give his actress a nobler opportunity than this of rising to the level of poetry and history." Mr. Reade went on to say: "No Frenchman was ever the hog to comment on the same situation in a similar spirit, and I am, therefore, reluctantly driven to the conclusion that the brutal nation which burned the Maid of Orleans is still, in some respects, at the bottom of mankind." The last crushing blow on poor "Q." was in Charles Reade's best manner. "The appreciator makes a name, a fortune, and a signature. The depreciator tickles his own vanity, but gets to admire nothing, feel nothing, crush nothing, and be nothing—*but a cypher signed by an initial.*"

The undaunted "Q." returned, however, to the attack, and pointed out that the eminent French critic Jules Janin was "hog" enough to comment on the roasting of Rachel exactly as "Q." had done on the roasting of Mrs. Rousby: "Pitoyables grimaces, ce bucher, ce bourreau, ce peuple de quatre assistants, cette bâche inerte et cet esprit de vin trop subtil pour rien brûler. A quoi bon cet artifice indigne à la fois de l'histoire et de la tragédie?" Altogether it was a very pretty quarrel while it lasted.

No such controversy is likely to arise over the roasting of Madame Sarah Bernhardt at Her Majesty's Theatre. The scene is not terrible, but ineffective, and at a quarter past midnight few have energy to protest against the cremation of poor Joan of Arc. Even the actress, worn out, cries piteously for the descent of the curtain. The play by M. Jules Barbier is like the one by Mr. Tom Taylor—a succession of historical but undramatic tableaux. We are presented with certain scenes in the life of Joan of Arc, and they are illustrated by the scene-painter, by the costumier, and by the musician. Gounod contributes the music, and altogether, what with the prayers, the hymns, the organ, the choristers, and the cathedral, it would be difficult to find on the stage a more solemn function. The celebrated cathedral scene in the Henry Irving version of "Much Ado About Nothing" at the Lyceum was relieved by the sprightly passage of arms between Beatrice and Benedict within the sacred walls; but in "Jeanne d'Arc" there is not the semblance of a laugh or the ghost of a smile from the time the curtain rises until it falls. As an essay in dramatic elocution the performance of Madame Sarah Bernhardt is, no doubt, very fine, and in portions of the first tableau she was seen at her best; but it is to be feared that the new French Jeanne d'Arc will only be a *succès de curiosité*. It is easy to account for the triumph of the play in Paris. It suited the national temperament, as illustrated in such a line as—

La France renaîtra des derniers Français,

and it suited the Parisian mood to execrate the English. As the play stands, there is "no offence in it" to shock our insular prejudices. We cannot contravene the truth of the martyrdom of Joan. The only serious fault that can be found with the play is that it is no play at all, and somewhat dull as a musical diorama.

The second farcical comedy produced by the Daly American Company at the Lyceum promises to be more successful than the first. Those who quietly accepted "Casting the Boomerang" will, in spite of the hot weather, roar with laughter over "Nancy and Co." Here we have all our old friends; Ada Rehan in her sprightliest mood, alternately impetuous and hysterical; John Drew, the epitome of polished modern comedy; James Lewis, funniest of old wrinkled apple-faced men; Mrs. Gilbert, handsomest of old ladies. And there are many new-comers also—only one of the prettiest of the new young ladies may be advised not to imitate the delightful manner of Miss Rehan. It is not a good imitation, and it is not in good taste.

At a recent Avenue matinée were produced a neat one-act play by Mr. A. W. Dubourg, and a clever one-act drama, "Punchinello," by Dr. Dabbs, the literary doctor of the Isle of Wight.

C. S.

There was a large and brilliant gathering at the Natural History Museum, South Kensington, on June 24, given on the occasion of the seventeenth annual conversazione by the president and council of the Royal Colonial Institute. The guests, who numbered between two and three thousand, were received by the vice-presidents, Sir Henry Barkly and Sir Frederick Young, and several members of the council.

Mr. Stanley was on June 19 presented with the freedom of the city of Newcastle, and, in reply, he expressed much gratification at what had been secured for this country in Africa by the Anglo-German Agreement, remarking that a legion of explorers and missionaries had not been able to secure what Lord Salisbury had done in that region.—On the 21st Mr. Stanley was presented with the freedom of the city of Manchester. The ceremony took place in the Council Chamber, which was filled with prominent citizens. The Mayor presided. Subsequently Mr. Stanley was entertained to luncheon in the banqueting-room at the Townhall, and in the evening a largely attended reception was given in his honour at the Townhall.—Mr. H. M. Stanley arrived in Oxford on the 24th, for the purpose of receiving the honorary degree of Doctor of Civil Law at the Commemoration, next day. He was accompanied by Miss Dorothy Tennant and her mother, and Surgeon Parke. They were met at the station by the Mayor and Mayoress and by Alderman and Mrs. James Hughes; and subsequently Mr. Stanley was presented with an address by the Corporation, in the City Buildings. Mr. Stanley during his stay in Oxford was the guest of the Master of Balliol.

THE ROYAL VISIT TO SCARBOROUGH.

The approaching visit of his Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence to this fashionable and delightful watering-place on the Yorkshire seacoast is connected with the ceremonial opening of the new pleasure-grounds and marine promenade drive on the shore of the North Bay, where the extension of the town promises greatly increased attractions for summer visitors. Scarborough has the peculiar advantage of a double aspect seaward, its parts being divided from each other by a bold promontory, with cliffs 300 ft. high, crowned by the ruined walls and keep of the castle; immediately below this, to the south, is the old town, with the piers and harbours of the port, beyond which lies the noble South Bay, with its Foreshore Road, Spa Grounds, and Esplanade, and a view of the cliffs along the coast to Filey, and even as far as Flamborough Head. The South Bay front of the modern fashionable town is one of the most beautiful on the English shores. Behind its wide stretch of firm, smooth sands the ground rises about 80 feet, broken in the centre of the curving bay, at the Aquarium, by a valley some 400 feet in width, across which is thrown a bridge resting on iron arches and stone pillars, to the South Cliff, leading also to the Spa, with its splendid saloon and elevated gardens, and to the Esplanade, where tramways, mechanically worked, give access to the summit of the cliff. This part of Scarborough is in a sheltered situation, and is a residence most favourable to invalids, especially in winter, but enjoyable at all seasons, and furnished with abundant means of entertainment; the medicinal-waters of the Spa may also be recommended, and the sea-bathing is as good as anywhere. The Ramsden Valley, or ravine, already mentioned, is laid out as a public park, and there is much verdure, and foliage of trees, on the slopes of the cliffs, proving the mildness of the air on this side of the town. The North Bay is very different, with a bolder, wilder sea and a more bracing atmosphere, open views of the German Ocean, and of the coast towards Whitby, to be most fully enjoyed on the Promenade Pier, which is 1000 ft. long, with a pier-head 150 ft. wide. Here it is that the fine new road along the shore of the bay has been constructed, and the ornamental grounds have been laid out, which the Duke of Clarence is invited to see, and it is not unlikely that they will bear the name of his Royal Highness. A band-stand has been erected on part of the undercliff. Our View of Scarborough is taken from this side.

MEYERBEER'S "LE PROPHÈTE."

The production of this important work at the Royal Italian Opera, on June 23 (with the French text), was one of the specialties of Mr. Augustus Harris's present season, not as an absolute novelty, but as a work of grandeur and beauty that had not been much heard of late years in this country. It was originally produced at the Paris Opéra House, in April 1849, and was brought out, in Italian, at our Covent-Garden establishment in July of the same year. It forms one of the three greatest stage works of its composer—the others being "Robert le Diable" and "Les Huguenots." As in these, so in "Le Prophète," the libretto (by Scribe) has strong features of the romantic with some basis of historical interest; and in each case Meyerbeer was, perhaps, of all composers, the best fitted to supply the musical colouring to the outline provided by the librettist. The strongest possible dramatic contrasts are provided between the sombre and fierce sentiment of the conspiring fanatics, and the gorgeous splendour and sensuous music of the scene of John of Leyden's coronation in the cathedral—between the irresolution and final denial of his despairing and loving mother by the infatuated so-called prophet; and between his abandonment of his betrothed Bertha and her abiding love for him. Notwithstanding some instances of over-prolongation in the music, the general impression left is that of grandeur and dramatic consistency, especially when the principal characters are worthily filled. Those of John and his heart-broken mother, Fides, have had many admirable representatives, conspicuous among whom were Signor Mario, Signor Tamberlik, and Signor Gayarré as John, and Madame Viardot-Garcia as Fides. These characters were, in the recent performance at the Royal Italian Opera, sustained, respectively, by Madame Richard and M. J. de Reszké. To speak first of the lady—she recently made her first appearance here (in "La Favorite"), having for some time occupied a high rank in Paris as a dramatic singer of the first class. Her recent performance here as Fides justified all the encomiums that have been passed on her. In her personation of the heart-broken mother, and her rendering of the expressive music of the part, Madame Richard fully realised the dramatic and musical interest of the character. Especially fine was the delivery of the appeal to John in the concluding scene of the first act, and in the despairing denial in the cathedral. Another magnificent performance was that of M. J. de Reszké, who gave full dignity of bearing to the dramatic aspect of the character of John, and sang the music with admirable vocalisation. His delivery of the recital of the dream, of the hymn of triumph, of the passages in the cathedral scene, and the despairing enthusiasm of the final catastrophe left nothing to be imagined beyond it. M. E. de Reszké gave full importance to the part of Zachariah, and was well supported by M. Montariol and Signor Miranda as the other fanatics—Jonas and Mathisen. Mdlle. Nuovina gave the music of Bertha with graceful expression, and M. Cobalet was an excellent representative of the tyrannical Count Oberthal.

The well-sustained action in the skating scene, and the gorgeous pageantry of the coronation scene, were magnificent examples of Mr. Harris's skill in stage management. The choral and orchestral details were thoroughly well rendered, and the opera was ably conducted by Signor Mancinelli. It is scarcely possible to conceive a finer performance of "Le Prophète," in every respect, than that of the present season at the Royal Italian Opera.

The annual fancy-dress ball in aid of the funds of the Royal Caledonian Asylum and the Royal Scottish Hospital was given on June 24, in the Whitehall Rooms, Hôtel Métropole, and was largely attended. The ball is under the patronage of her Majesty, the Prince and Princess of Wales, and other members of the Royal family, and many members of noble Scottish families acted as lady patronesses.

The marriage of Viscount Cantelupe, the eldest son of Earl De la Warr, with Miss Dorothy Heseltine, eldest daughter of Mr. John Postle Heseltine of Walhampton Park, Lymington, was celebrated on June 24 in St. Paul's Church, Knightsbridge. Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne) was present. The bridesmaids were the Ladies Edeline and Leonora Sackville, sisters of the bridegroom; the Misses Silvia, Diana, and Clarissa Heseltine, sisters of the bride; Miss Helen Lovell, Miss Evelyn Trotter, and Miss Muriel Heseltine, the last taking the place of Lady Margaret Sackville, the bridegroom's youngest sister, who was prevented from attending through indisposition. Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne) presented the bride with a diamond crescent brooch.

THE SILENT MEMBER.

The Duke of Clarence and Avondale's dignified début in the House of Lords, Mr. Smith's half-hearted surrender of the Compensation clauses, and Mr. T. M. Healy's first appearance in the unfamiliar part of a scrupulous defender of Constitutional practice are among the most notable Parliamentary events of the current week. When Parliament draws to its close, the Ministerial bark almost invariably drifts into troubled waters. Hence the Government has done well to lighten the ship so far as practically to throw overboard the much-debated licensing clauses. Maintained in power by the co-operation of the Liberal Unionists, the Ministry may deem it advisable during the remainder of their term of office to keep in closer touch with the leaders of that party, from whose camp the vexatious Compensation Bill has driven a powerful member in Mr. Caine, who seeks re-election and a political whitewashing at Barrow-in-Furness.

A welcome bit of colour was infused into the House of Lords on Monday, June 23, by the stately ceremony attending the formal entrance of the Heir Presumptive to the Throne. The Marquis of Salisbury, having been summoned to Windsor by the Queen, could not be present. But Lord Cranbrook and Lord Lathom worthily filled the place of the Prime Minister; the Lord Chancellor, whose bonhomie never fails, donned his three-cornered black hat for the occasion; and Earl Granville actually became sedate, not to say solemn, as Leader of the Opposition. The galleries were brightened by bevies of Peeresses in light summer attire of subdued hues. Among the most interested and attentive observers were the Princess of Wales and Princesses Victoria and Maud of Wales, who were attired in dark-silk dresses, and sat in a corner of the Royal balcony. Brilliant in the extreme was the procession up the floor of the House. Wearing their handsome scarlet and ermine robes of State or official uniforms, gay indeed looked the Duke of Norfolk as Hereditary Earl Marshal of England, Lord Aveland as Hereditary Great Chamberlain, Sir Albert Woods as Garter King-at-Arms, his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales (seeming particularly bright and happy, and with some Ascot sunshine in his beaming smile), the Duke of Clarence and Avondale (who bore himself remarkably well, and with unaffected, simple modesty), and the Duke of Edinburgh, the "thin red line" led by Sir James Drummond as the Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod. Bowing first the prescribed number of times to good-humoured Lord Halsbury, the new Royal Peer was escorted next to the table, where the Hon. Slingsby Bethell clearly read the voluminous scroll granting the young Duke his patent of peerage. Calmly and collectedly did the Duke of Clarence and Avondale perform his part of the ceremony, regarded with paternal approval by the Prince of Wales, and scrutinised eagerly by the Princess of Wales and his sisters. He took the oath in a firm voice, signed the roll, then occupied the chair of state placed to the left of the Throne, having his father seated next him, and cordially shook hands finally with the Lord Chancellor before retiring, with his august supporters, to disrobe. It was almost a step from the sublime to the ridiculous when Lord Ribblesdale approached the table and raised an idle discussion respecting the attendance of noble Lords in the Upper House; but his Lordship was neatly extinguished by Lord Cranbrook.

One of the liveliest and most exciting divisions witnessed for some time in the Commons hastened the withdrawal by the Government of the Compensation clauses. Members devoted to the pleasant recreations of society, who delight in breathing the fresh air of the racecourse by day, and prefer at night the debilitating atmosphere of the theatre or opera-house to the overheated House of Commons, find it increasingly difficult to do justice alike to their fashionable relaxations and their Parliamentary duties. It was on the Ascot Royal Hunt Cup day that the faithful among the faithless sought to take advantage of this predilection of society devotees by securing a chance victory over the Ministry. But the alert Radicals reckoned without their Irish hosts, whose irrepressible verbosity on the "shadowing" question checked the conspirators. The House was in Committee on the Local Taxation Bill, however, before the Ministerial Whips could collect their scattered forces. Mr. Akers-Douglas was in despair when he scrutinised the serried ranks of the Opposition. Almost at the last moment defeat was prevented by the arrival of Lord Hartington and Mr. Chaplin and a few others in hot haste from Ascot. In the division on the first clause, the Ministry only managed, however, to secure a majority of four. This virtually settled the fate of the licensing clauses.

If the expressive face of Mr. W. H. Smith be an index to his mind, the First Lord of the Treasury, in indifferent health as he is, became more and more weary of the obnoxious clauses Mr. Goschen or Mr. Ritchie, or both, fatuously endeavoured to fasten on to the Budget. While Mr. Balfour could barely conceal his delight at the discomfiture of his colleagues in this matter, comporting himself on the Treasury Bench with the jubilancy of a Minister who had opposed the measure in the Cabinet, Lord Randolph Churchill bore himself more serenely in his corner seat on the bench behind the Eden he had left of his own accord, but yet could not restrain himself from a semi-triumphant look round out of his large blue eyes as he caressed his moustache, as who should say, "Didn't I tell you the Government couldn't get on long without the signal advantage of my tactful leadership?"

Mr. Smith was, indeed, to be pitied. The right hon. gentleman, instead of swallowing the obnoxious licensing clauses at one gulp on the Twenty-third of June, was prevailed upon by his colleagues to indulge in half-measures. The pith of his yea-nay statement (in reply to stalwart Mr. Caine) was that, while the money derived from the new taxes for compensating English publicans would be tied up, awaiting the pleasure of Parliament, the clauses dealing with Scotland and Ireland would be proceeded with. The following day, Mr. T. M. Healy pointed out that a clause of the Budget Bill should prevent the Government from tying up the licensing money in the manner proposed. The Speaker and Mr. Gladstone coincided with Mr. Healy; and the Government seized the opportunity again to reconsider their position with regard to the contested clauses.

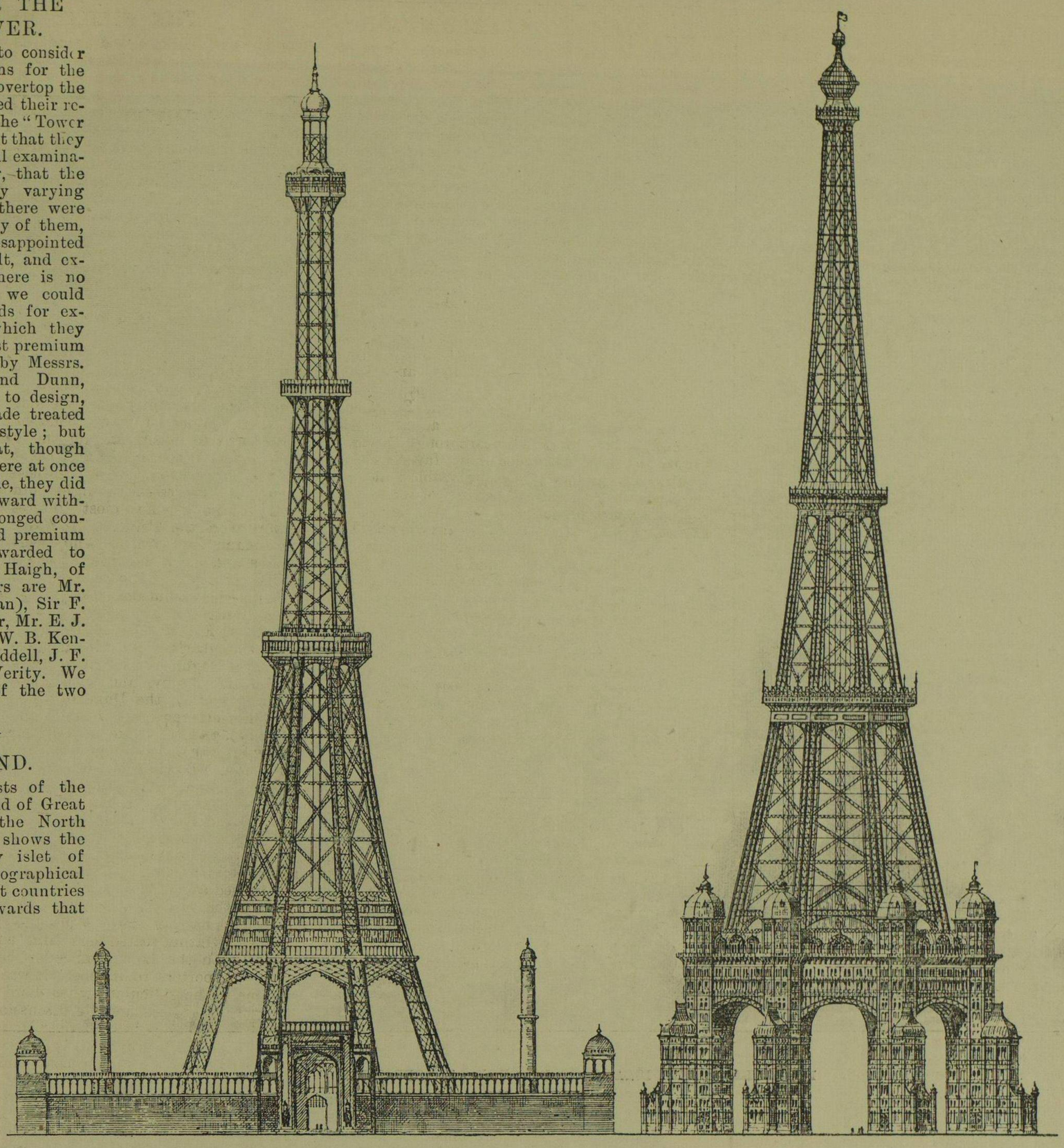
The Home Secretary, in spite of Sir William Harcourt's grave censure, was thought, on the whole, to have made out a good case for his action with regard to Mr. Monro's resignation of the Chief Commissionership of Police, to which gallant Colonel Sir Edward Bradford succeeds.

The Board of Trade have awarded a silver medal to Jean François Guérin, boatswain of the French barque Actif, of Nantes, in recognition of his gallantry and humanity in rescuing, at the risk of his life, a seaman of the British steamship Craiglands, who fell into the river at Bordeaux on June 9.

The annual show of the Universal Food and Cookery Association was opened on June 24, at Westminster Town Hall, by Lady Mary Carr-Glyn. From noon till nine p.m. the public and the children of the various Board Schools were initiated in the mysteries of the art. The show was continued for several days.

DESIGNS FOR THE GREAT TOWER.

The jurors appointed to consider the competition designs for the project for a tower to overtop the Eiffel Tower have issued their report to the directors of the "Tower Company." They report that they have given very careful examination to every drawing, that the designs were of very varying merit, and, although there were good points about many of them, they confess to being disappointed with the general result, and express regret that "there is no single design which we could recommend as it stands for execution." The one which they recommend for the first premium of 500 guineas, that by Messrs. Stewart, Maclaren, and Dunn, is the best in regard to design, with an entrance façade treated in a rather Oriental style; but the Jurors state that, though many of the designs were at once eliminated as unsuitable, they did not arrive at the final award without repeated and prolonged consideration. The second premium of 250 guineas is awarded to Messrs. Webster and Haigh, of Liverpool. The Jurors are Mr. E. H. Carbutt (chairman), Sir F. Bramwell, Sir B. Baker, Mr. E. J. Harland, Professor A. W. B. Kennedy, and Messrs. C. Liddell, J. F. Moulton, and Thomas Verity. We present Illustrations of the two prize designs.



PRIZE DESIGNS FOR THE GREAT TOWER.

HELIGOLAND.

Our Map of the coasts of the European Continent and of Great Britain surrounding the North Sea, or German Ocean, shows the position of the tiny islet of Heligoland in its geographical relations to the different countries having an outlook towards that sea. The view which may reasonably be entertained with regard to the proper natural destination of this isolated piece of rock and sand, which is scarcely a mile long and a quarter of a mile wide, with a mere village population of foreign race, either fishermen or lodging-house keepers maintained by German summer visitors, has been considerably altered by the changes of European dominion in 1864 and 1866. For Schleswig and Holstein, which were formerly Duchies held by the King of Denmark as a member of the old Germanic Confederation, are now integral parts of the Kingdom of Prussia; and so are the old Free Cities of Hamburg and Bremen, and the former Kingdom of Hanover, which are, with Oldenburg and Friesland, the North German communities directly interested in that maritime coast. Heligoland, as will be seen at one glance, lies in the centre of a deep bight of the coast, midway between the shores of Holstein and Friesland, commanding the entrance to the Elbe, to the Weser, and to the Jahde-Busen, where the chief naval arsenal of the German Empire, called Wilhelmshafen, has of late years been established. Hamburg, on the Elbe, and Bremen, on the Weser, are the most important seats of German maritime trade. The projected ship-canal, which is to traverse Holstein from west to east, connecting the North Sea with the Baltic at Kiel, and making an entrance to the Baltic navigable in winter, must be nearly opposite to Heligoland. We cannot wonder, therefore, that all loyal and patriotic Germans are gratified by the prospect of owning this island, which has not a sentimental but a real, practical, and substantial value to Germany, even though it should never become a powerful fortress. Although it is quite inconceivable that, in the hands of Great Britain, it should ever be used as a base of attack on Germany by a British naval force — war between us and that nation being the most impossible political contingency—our probable neutrality, as in 1870, in any future war between France and Germany might enable a French fleet, certainly against our will, to approach perilously near to the outlets of German commerce, to carry on blockading operations, and to intercept the German naval communications. This was actually done, to some extent, in the war twenty years ago. With the most friendly feeling towards France, we do not fear to say that it can never, under any circumstances, be to the interest of England that it should again be done; that, while we hope and intend to be neutral if the conflict for the Rhine frontier were renewed, we do not want to see Hamburg ruined, or the French Continental blockade of Napoleon I. re-established, in any case; and that if Heligoland, which can shelter a fleet though it has no harbour, be transferred to the German Empire, we trust it will be an additional pledge for the peace of Europe.

The objections to this cession of what is practically worthless to England, in exchange for most valuable consideration in Africa, do not rest upon any cherished historical associations. Heligoland, in ancient times, belonged to the Danes, afterwards to the Dukes of Schleswig or the Dukes of Holstein, never to Hanover, and in 1807, when Denmark had joined our enemy Napoleon, it was captured without any fighting by the squadron of Admiral Russell, since which event, though it has been a possession of the British Crown, not one Englishman in a million has visited the isle, or has had dealings with it. The people, numbering about two thousand, are an odd fragment of the Frisian race, which inhabits several other islands nearer the mainland coast, all belonging to Germany, south and east of Heligoland. It is stipulated that those now living, of adult age, shall not be compelled to serve in the German army or navy, or be liable to increased taxation, and they may remain British subjects, individually, if they choose. Annexation to Germany will probably enrich the island by large Government and private expenditure; and we really cannot believe that the Heligolanders will lose much by the change, or that their feelings will be deeply hurt.

MAP SHOWING THE POSITION OF HELIGOLAND.

The Portrait of the late General C. B. Brackenbury is from a photograph by Messrs. Window and Grove, of Baker-street: and that of the new Commissioner of Police, Sir E. Bradford, is from one by Messrs. Debenham and Gould, of Bournemouth.

NATAL CARABINEERS.

A grave question now exercising the minds of colonists in "plucky little Natal" is Home Rule, or, as it is called there, Responsible Government. The main argument of the opponents of this measure is the weakness of colonial defence in the face of 500,000 natives living in primitive barbarism, who are not, but might become, disloyal. It is remarked, however, how successfully a handful of Dutch Boers have long held their own in the vast adjoining States—the Orange River and Transvaal Republics; and lastly, with reasonable pride, some colonists point to Natal's little Volunteer army.

The Natal Carabineers, or Carbineers, mustering now about 400 horses and carbines, are one of the oldest mounted Volunteer corps of the British Empire, and probably have seen more active service than any other. At the fatal field of Isandhlwana, in the Zulu War of 1879, a number of them gallantly rallied round Durnford, and fell with him. They are mainly composed of high-spirited, sport-loving, loyal, and true young men — a type happily found all over the British Dominions, but nowhere more than in Natal. Exercised with different weapons, as we may judge from their performances in "gymkhana," at tent-pegging, lemon-slicing, and other feats of skill, they would form a corps of "beaux sabreurs" that any European officer would be proud to command.

The two Sketches, from photographs by Mr. Murray of Pietermaritzburg, represent the senior corps, a portion of a wing, and a tent of the Richmond and Mid-Ilovo troop, taken at the recent autumn (Southern Hemisphere) annual manœuvres. Besides the Carabineers there are the Natal Mounted Rifles, the Natal Royal Rifles, the Naval, Artillery, and Railway Volunteers, and the enlisted corps of Natal Mounted Police. We are indebted for this communication to Captain Montgomery of Ismont, Natal, J.P., whose son and son-in-law are in the local troop of Volunteers.

The New Zealand Parliament was opened on June 19 by the Governor, Lord Onslow, who in his speech on the occasion congratulated the colony on the progress made during the past year, and the success which had attended the exhibition at Dunedin. His Excellency stated that it was proposed to appoint delegates to represent the colony at the forthcoming Australasian Federation Convention. The Government was prepared to adopt the 2½d. postage rate to England.

The Emperor William and the Empress Augusta Victoria went on June 19 to Wernigerode, to be present at the unveiling of a monument of the Emperor William I. which Count Stolberg-Wernigerode has had erected on his estate. The Empress returned the same evening to Berlin, but the Emperor went on to Essen to inspect Herr Krupp's renowned gun-factories. The foundation-stone of the main building of the Emperor and Empress Frederick's Hospital for Children in Berlin was laid on the 20th, in the presence of the Empress Frederick. Her Majesty was received with great enthusiasm, and thanked by the Burgomaster in the name of the city. On the evening of the 22nd the barracks of the Gardes du Corps, or 1st Life Guards, at Potsdam were the scene of one of those festivals at which the Germans are very skilful—a festival to commemorate the 150th anniversary of the formation of that magnificent regiment by Frederick the Great. From the Seven Years' War onwards to St. Privat and Sedan this regiment has always been foremost where hard fighting was to be done. The Emperor rode on the 23rd at the head of the Gardes du Corps, from the New Palace into the town, which was handsomely decorated for the occasion. Divine service for the troops was held in the Lustgarten, in the presence of the members of the Imperial family, including the Empress Frederick, the Empress Victoria, and a number of distinguished personages. The entertainment was closed by a sumptuous supper, spread in tents, at which the Emperor drank the health of the finest heavy cavalry regiment in his army.—Prince Bismarck on the 23rd received a deputation, who presented to him an address bearing the signatures of 30,000 citizens of Berlin. In reply, he said that a good Minister must not regard the frowns of the Monarch he serves, but tell him his opinion frankly. His reason for leaving Berlin was, he said, a want of harmony in the views of his colleagues in the Government.—A statue to the memory of the philosopher Moses Mendelssohn has been unveiled at Dessau, his native place.—The Gutenberg celebration, to commemorate the 450th anniversary of the discovery of the art of printing, began in Mayence on June 22. The printers of Mayence held their fête near the Gutenberg Monument on the 24th.

HELIGOLAND, THE ISLAND TO BE CEDED TO GERMANY.

COLONIAL VOLUNTEERS: THE NATAL CARABINEERS.

DRAWN BY FRED. BARNARD.

There in the dying light the puffins swam and dived, and the seagulls screamed as they flew overhead.

ARMOREL OF LYONESSE.

A ROMANCE OF TO-DAY.

BY WALTER BESANT.

PART II.—CHAPTER XXIX.

THE TRESPASS OFFERING.

IT was a day in midwinter. Over the adjacent island of Great Britain there was either a yellow fog, or a white fog, or a black fog. Perhaps there was no fog at all, but a black east wind, or there was melting snow, or there was cold sleet and rain: whatever there was, to be out of doors brought no joy, and the early darkness was tolerable because it closed and hid and put away the day. In the archipelago of Scilly, the sky was bright and clear: the sea was blue, except in the shallow places, where it was a light transparent green: the waves danced and sparkled: round the ledges of the rocks the white foam rolled and leaped: the sunshine was warm: the air was fresh. The girls stood on the northern carn of Samson. They had been on the island now for eight months. For the greater part of that time they were alone. Only in the summer Archie came to pay them a visit. His play was accepted: it would probably be brought out in January, perhaps not till later, according to the success of the piece then running. Meantime, he had got introductions, thanks to Armorel's evening, and now found work enough to keep him going on one or two journals, where his occasional papers—the papers of a young and clever man feeling his way to style—were taken and published. And he was, of course, writing another play: he was in love with another heroine—happy, if he knew his own happiness, in starting on that rare career in which a man is always in love, and blamelessly, even with the knowledge of his wife, with a succession of the loveliest and most delightful damsels—country girls and princesses—lasses of the city and of the milking path—Dolly and Molly and stately Kate, and the Duchess of Dainty Device. As yet, he had only lost his heart to two, and was now raving over the second of his sweethearts. One such youth I have known and followed as he passed from the Twenties to the Thirties—to the Forties—even to the Fifties. He has always loved one girl after the other. He knows not how life can exist unless a man is in love: he is a mere slave and votary of Love: yet never with a goddess of the earth. He loves an image—a simulacrum—a phantom: and he looks on with joy and satisfaction—yea! the tears rise to his eyes when he sees that phantom at the last, after many cruel delays, fondly embraced—not by himself—but by another phantom. Happy lover! so to have lost the substance, yet to be satisfied with the shadow!

Except for Archie's visit they had no guests all through the summer. The holiday visitors mostly arrive at Hugh Town, sail across to Tresco Gardens and back, some the same day, some the next day, thinking they have seen Scilly. None of them land on Samson. Few there are who sail about the Outer Islands where Armorel mostly loved to steer her boat. The two girls spent the whole time alone with each other for company. I do not know whether the literature of the country will be enriched by Effie's sojourn in Lyonesse, but one hopes. At least, she lost her pale cheeks and thin form: she put on roses, and she filled out: she became almost as strong as Armorel, almost as dexterous with the sheet, and almost as handy with the oar. But of verses I fear that few came to her. With the best intentions, with piles of books, these two maidens idled away the summer, basking on the headlands, lying among the fern, walking over the downs of Bryher and St. Martin's, sailing in and out among the channels, bathing in Porth Bay, or off the lonely beach of Ganilly in the Eastern group. Always something to see or something to do. Once they ventured to sail by themselves—a parlous voyage, but the day was calm—all the way round Bishop's Rock and back: another time they sailed—but this time they took Peter—among the Dogs of Scilly, climbed up on Black Rose-vean, and stood on Gorregan with the cruel teeth. Once, on a very calm day in July, they even threaded the narrow channel between the twin rocks known together as the Scilly. Always there was something new to do or to see. So the morning and the afternoon passed away, and there was nothing left but tea and a little music, and a stroll in the moonlight or beneath the stars, and a talk together, and so to bed: and if there came a rainy day, the cakes to make and the puddings to compose! A happy, lazy, idle, profitable time!

"We have been six months here and more, Effie," said Armorel. They were sitting in the sunshine in the sheltered orchard, among the wrinkled and twisted old apple-trees. "What next? When shall we think of going back to London?

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We must not stay here altogether, lest we rust. We will go back—shall we?—as soon as the short, dark days are over, and we will make a new departure somehow, but in what direction I do not quite know. Shall we travel? Shall we cultivate society? What shall we do?"

"We will go back to London as soon as Archie's play is produced. Dear Armorel, I do not want ever to go away. I should like to stay here with you always and always. It has been a time of peace and such quiet. Never before have I known such peace and such quiet. But we must go. We must go while the spell of the place is still upon us. Perhaps if we were to stay too long—Nature does not expect us to outstay her welcome—not that her welcome is exhausted yet—but if we go away, shall we ever come back? And, if so, will it be quite the same?"

"Nothing ever returns," said Armorel the sage. "We shall go away and we shall come back again, and there will be changes. Everything changes daily. The very music of the sea changes from day to day; but it is always music. My old grandmother in the great chair used to hold her hand to her ear—so—to catch the lapping of the waves and the washing of the tide among the rocks. It was the music that she had known all her life. But the tune was different—the words of the song in her head were different—the key was changed—but always the music. Oh, my dear! I never tire of this music. We will go away, Effie; we must not stay too long here, lest we fall in love with solitude and renounce the world. But we will come back and hear the same music again, with a new song. We must go back." She sighed. "Eight months. We must go and see Archie's play. Archie! It will be a proud and glorious day for him, if it succeeds. It must succeed. And not a word or a sign all this time from Roland! What is he doing? Why"—— She stopped.

Effie laid a hand on hers.

"You have been restless for some days, Armorel," she said.

"Yes—yes. I do not doubt him. No—no—he has returned to himself. He can never—never again—I do not doubt him." She sprang to her feet. "Oh, Effie! I do not doubt, but sometimes I fear. What do I fear? Why, I know there may be failure, but there can never again be disgrace."

"You think of him so much, Armorel," said Effie, with a touch of jealousy.

"I cannot think of him too much." She looked out upon the sunlit sea at their feet, talking as one who talks to herself. "How can I think of him too much? I have thought of him every day for five years—every day. I love him, Effie. How can you think too much of the man you love? Suppose I were to hear that he had failed again. That would make no difference. Suppose he were to sink low—low—deep down among the worst of men—that would make no difference. I love the man as he may be—as he shall be—by the help of God, if not in this world, then in the world to come! I love him, Effie!"

She stopped because her voice choked with a sob. The strength of her passion—not for nothing was the Castilian invader wrecked upon Scilly!—frightened the other girl. She had never dreamed of such a passion; yet she knew that Armorel thought continually of this man. She did not dare to speak. She looked on with clasped hands, in silence.

Armorel softened again. The tumult of her heart subsided. She turned to Effie and kissed her.

"Forgive me, dear: you know now—but you have guessed already. Let us say no more. But I must see him soon. I must go to see him if he cannot come to see me. Let us go over the hill. This little orchard is like a hothouse this morning."

When they reached the top of the hill they saw the steamer from Penzance rounding Bar Point on St. Mary's and coming through the North Channel.

"They have had a fine passage," said Armorel. "The boat must have done it in three hours. I wonder if she brings anything for us. It is too early for the magazines. I wrote for those books, but I doubt if there has been time. And I wrote to Philippa, but I do not expect a letter in reply by this post."

"And I wrote to Archie, but I do not know whether I shall get a letter to-day. Suppose there should come a visitor?"

"Few visitors come to Scilly in the winter—and none to Samson. We are alone on our desert island, Effie. See, the steamer is entering the port: the tide is low: she cannot get alongside the quay. It is such a fine day that it is a pity we did not sail over this morning and meet the steamer. There goes the steam-launch from Tresco."

It is quite a mile from Samson to the quay of Hugh Town; but the air was so clear that Armorel, whose eyes were as good as any ordinary field-glass, could plainly make out the agitation and bustle on the quay caused by the arrival of the steamer.

"The boat always carries my thoughts back to London," said Armorel. "And we have been talking about London, have we not? When I was a child the boat came into the Road out of the Unknown, and next day went back to the Unknown. What was the other side like? I filled it up with the vague splendour of a child's imagination. The Unknown to me was like the sunrise or the sunset. Well . . . now I know. The poets say that knowledge makes us no happier. I think they are quite wrong. It is always better to know everything, even though it 's little joy—

To feel that Heaven is farther off
Than when one was a boy.

"There is a boat," she went on, after awhile. "She is putting out from the port. I wonder what boat it is. Perhaps she is going to Bryher—or to St. Martin's—or to St. Agnes. It is not the lighthouse boat. She is sailing as if for Samson; but she cannot be coming here. What a lovely breeze! She would be here in a quarter of an hour. I suppose she must be going to Tresco. See what comes of living on a desert island. We are actually speculating about the voyage of a sailing-boat across the Road! Effie, we are little better than village gossips. You shall marry Mr. Paul Pry."

"She looks very pretty," said Effie, "heeling over with the wind, wherever she is going."

"They are steering south of Green Island," said Armorel. "That is very odd. If she had been making for Bryher or Tresco she would leave Green Island on the lee and steer up the channel past Puffin. I really believe that she is coming to Samson. I expect there is a parcel for us. Let us run down to the beach, Effie. We shall get there just in time."

They ran down the hill. As the boatman lowered the sail and the boat grounded on the firm white sand of the beach, the girls arrived. The boat brought, however, no packet——

"Oh!" cried Effie. "It is Roland Lee!"

It was none other than that young man of whom they had been speaking. Armorel changed colour: she blushed a rosy red: then she recovered quickly and stepped forward, as Roland leaped out upon the sand. "Welcome back to Samson!" she said, giving him her hand with her old frankness. "We expected you to come, but we did not know when."

"May I stay?" he murmured, taking her hand and looking into her face.

"You know—yourself," she replied.

He made answer by shouldering his portmanteau. "No new road has been made, I suppose," he said. "Shall I go first? How well I remember the way over the hill! Samson has changed little since I was here last."

He led the way, all laughing and chatting as if his visit was expected, and as if it were the most natural thing in the world and the most common thing to run down to the beach and meet a morning caller from London Town. But Effie, who was as observant as a poet ought to be, saw how Roland kept looking round as he led, as if he would be still catching sight of Armorel.

"Come, Dorcas," cried Armorel, when they arrived at the house. "Come, Chessun—here is Mr. Roland Lee. You have not forgotten Mr. Lee. He has come to stay with us again." The serving-women came out and shook hands with him in friendly fashion. Forgotten Mr. Lee? Why, he was the only young man who had been seen at Holy Farm since Armorel's brothers were drowned—victims to the relentless wrath of those execrable rubies.

"You shall have your old room," said Dorcas. "Chessun will air the bed for you and light a fire to warm the room. Well, Mr. Lee, you are not much altered. Your beard is grown, and you 're a bit stouter. Not much changed. You 're married yet?"

"Not yet, Dorcas."

"Armorel, she 's a woman now. When you left her she was little better than a child. I say she 's improved, but perhaps you wish she was a child again?"

"Indeed, no," said Roland.

Everything was quite commonplace. There was not the least romance about the return of the wanderer. It was half past two. He had had nothing to eat since breakfast, and after three hours and more upon the sea one is naturally hungry. Chessun laid the cloth and put the cold beef—cold boiled beef—upon the table. Pickles were also produced—a pickled walnut is not a romantic object. The young man was madly in love: he had come all the way from town on purpose to explain and dilate upon that wonderful accident: yet he took a pickled walnut. Nay, he was in a famishing condition, and he tackled the beef and beer—that old Brown George full of the home-brewed with a head of foam like the head of a venerable bishop—as if he was not in love at all. And Armorel sat opposite to him at the table talking to him about the voyage and his studio and whether he had furnished it, and all kinds of things, and Chessun hovered over him suggesting more pickles. And he laughed, and Armorel laughed—why not? They were both as happy as they could be. But Effie wondered how Armorel, whose heart was so full, whose soul was so charged and heavy with love, could laugh thus gaily and talk thus idly.

After luncheon, which of course was, in Samson fashion, dinner, Roland got up and stood in the square window, looking out to sea. Armorel stood beside him.

"I remember standing here," he said, "one morning five years ago. A great deal has happened since then."

"A great deal. We are older—we know more of the world."

"We are stronger, Armorel"—their eyes met—"else I should not be here."

It was quite natural that Armorel should put on her jacket and take her hat, and that they should go out together. Effie took her seat in the window and lay in the sunshine, a book neglected in her lap. Armorel had got her lover back. She loved him. Oh! she loved him. So heavenly is the contemplation of human love that Effie found it more soothing than the words of wisdom in her book, more full of comfort than any printed page. Human love, she knew well, would never fall to her lot: all the more should she meditate on love in others. Well, she has her compensations: while others act she looks on: while others feel, she will tell the world, in her verse, what and how they feel: to be loved is the chief and crowning blessing for a woman, but such as Effie have their consolations.

She looked up, and saw old Dorcas standing in the door.

"They have gone out in the boat," she said. "When I saw him coming over the hill I said to Chessun, 'He 's come again. He 's come for Armorel at last.' I always knew he would. And now they 've gone out in the boat to be quite alone. Is he worth her, Miss Effie? Is he worth my girl?"

"If he is not she will make him worth her. But nobody could be worth Armorel. Are you sure you are not mistaken, Dorcas?"

"No—no—no, I am not mistaken. The love-light is in his eyes, and the answering love in hers. I know the child. She loved him six years ago. She is as steadfast as the compass. She can never change. Once love always love, and no other love. She has thought about him ever since. Why did she go away and leave us alone without her for five long years? She wanted to learn things so as to make herself fit for him. As if he would care what things she knew if only he loved her! 'Twas the beautiful maid he would love, with her soft heart and her tender voice and her steadfast ways—not what she knew."

"Oh! but, Dorcas, perhaps—you are not quite sure—we do not know—one may be mistaken."

"*You* may be mistaken, Miss Effie. As for me, I 've been married for five-and-fifty years. A woman of my age is never mistaken. I saw the love-light in his eyes, and I saw the answering love in hers. And I know my own girl that I 've nursed and brought up since the cruel sea swallowed up her father and her mother and her brothers. No, Miss Effie, I know what I can see."

One does not, as a rule, go in a small open boat upon the water in December, even in Scilly, whose winter hath nor frost nor snow. But these two young people quite naturally, and without so much as asking whether it was summer or winter, got into the boat. Roland took the oars—Armorel sat in the stern. They put out from Samson what time the midwinter sun was sinking low. The tide was rising fast, and the wind was from the south-east. When they were clear of Green Island, Roland hoisted the sail.

"I have a fancy," he said, "to sail out to Round Island and to see Camber Rock again, this first day of my return. Shall we have time? We can let the sun go down: there will be light enough yet for an hour. You can steer the craft in the dark, Armorel. You are captain of this boat, and I am your crew. You can steer me safely home, even on the darkest night—in the blackest time," he added, with a deeper meaning than lay in his simple words.

The sail caught the breeze, and the boat heeled over. Roland sat holding the rope while Armorel steered. Neither spoke. They sailed up New Grimsby Channel between Tresco and Bryher, past Hangman's Island, past Cromwell's Castle. They sailed right through beyond the rocks and ledges outlying Tresco, outside Menovawr, the great triple rock, with his two narrow channels, and so to the north of Round Island. The sky was aflame: the waters were splendid with the colours of the west. They rounded the island. Then Roland lowered the sail and put out the oars. "We must row now," he said. "How glorious it all is! I am back again. Nine short months ago—you remember, Armorel?—how could I have hoped to come here again—to sail with you in your boat?"

"Yet you are here," she said simply.

"I have so much to say, and I could not say it, except in the boat."

"Yes, Roland."

"First of all, I have sold that picture. It is not a great price that I have taken. But I have sold it. You will be pleased to hear that. Next, I have two commissions, at a better price. Don't believe, Armorel, that I am thinking about nothing but money. The first step towards success is to be self-supporting. Well—I have taken that first step. I have also obtained some work on an illustrated paper. That keeps me going. I have regained my lost position—and more—more, Armorel. The way is open to me at last: everything is open to me if I can force myself to the front."

"No man can ask for more, can he?"

"No. He cannot. As for the time, Armorel, the horrible, shameful time——"

"Roland, you said you would not come here until the shame of that time belonged altogether to the past."

"It does: it does: yet the memory lingers—sometimes, at night, I think of it—and I am abased."

"We cannot forget—I suppose we can never forget. That is the burden which we lay upon ourselves. Oh! we must all walk humbly, because we have all fallen so far short of the best, and because we cannot forget."

"But—to be forgiven. That also is so hard."

"Oh! Roland, you mistake. We can always forgive those we love—yes—everything—everything—unto seventy times seven. How can we love if we cannot forgive? The difficulty is to forgive ourselves. We shall do that when we have risen high enough to understand how great a thing is the soul—I don't know how to put what I wish to say. Once I read in a book that there was a soul who wished—who would not?—to enter into heaven. The doors were wide open: the hands of the angels were held out in love and welcome: but the soul shrank back. 'I cannot enter,' he said, 'I cannot forgive myself.' You must learn to forgive yourself, Roland. As for those who love you, they ask for nothing more than to see your foot upon the upward slope."

"It is there, Armorel. Twice you have saved me: once from death by drowning: once from a worse death still—the second death. Twice your arms have been stretched out to save me from destruction."

They were silent again. The boat rocked gently in the water: the setting sun upon Armorel's face lent her cheek a warmer, softer glow, and lit her eyes, which were suffused with tears. Roland, sitting in his place, started up and dipped the oars again.

"It is nearly half-tide now," he said. "Let us row through the Camber Pass. I want to see that dark ravine again. It is the place I painted with you—you of the present, not of the past—in it. I have sold the picture, but I have a copy. Now I have two paintings, with you in each. One hangs in the studio, and the other in my own room, so that by night as well as by day I feel that my guardian angel is always with me."

Through the narrow ravine between Camber Rock and Round Island the water races and boils and roars when the tide runs strongly. Now, it was flowing gently—almost still. The sun was so low that the rock on the east side was obscured by the great mass of Round Island: the channel was quite dark. The dipping of the oars echoed along the black walls of rock; but overhead there was the soft and glowing sky, and in the light blue already appeared two or three stars.

"A strange thing has happened to me, Armorel," Roland said, speaking low, as if in a church—"a very strange and wonderful thing. It is a thing which connects me with you and with your people and with the Island of Samson. You remember the story told us one evening—the evening before I left you—by the Ancient Lady?"

"Of course. She told that story so often, and I used to suffer such agonies of shame that my ancestor should act so basely, and such terrors in thinking of the fate of his soul, that I am not likely to forget the story."

"You remember that she mistook me for Robert Fletcher?"

"Yes; I remember."

"She was not so very far wrong, Armorel; because, you see, I am Robert Fletcher's great-grandson."

"Oh, Roland! Is it possible?"

"I suppose that there may have been some resemblance. She forgot the present, and was carried back in imagination to the past, eighty years ago."

"Oh! And you did not know?"

"If you think of it, Armorel, very few middle-class people are able to tell the maiden name of their grandmother. We do not keep our genealogies, as we should."

"Then how did you find it out?"

"Mr. Jagenal, your lawyer, found it out. He sent for me and proved it quite clearly. Robert Fletcher left three daughters. The eldest died unmarried: the second and third married. I am the eldest grandson of the second daughter, who went to Australia. Now, which is very odd, the only grandson of the third daughter is a man whose name you may remember. They call him Alec Feilding. He is at once a painter, a poet, a novelist, and is about to become, I hear, a dramatist. He is my own cousin. This is strange, is it not?"

"Oh! It is wonderful."

"Mr. Jagenal, at the same time, made me a communication. He was instructed, he said, by you. Therefore, you know the nature of the communication."

"He gave you the rubies."

"Yes. He gave them to me. I have brought them back. They are in my pocket. I restore them to you, Armorel." He drew forth the packet—the case of shagreen—and laid it in Armorel's lap.

"Keep them. I will not have them. Let me never see them." She gave them back to him quickly. "Keep them out of my sight, Roland. They are horrible things. They bring disaster and destruction."

"You will not have them? You positively refuse to have them? Then I can keep them to myself. Why—that is brave!" He opened the case and unrolled the silken wrapper.

"See, Armorel, the pretty things! They sparkle in the dying light. Do you know that they are worth thousands? You have given me a fortune. I am rich at last. What is there in the world to compare with being rich? Now I can buy anything I want. The Way of Wealth is the Way of Pleasure. What did I tell you? My feet were dragged into that way as if with ropes: now they can go dancing of their own accord—no need to drag them. They fly—they trip—they have wings. What is art?—what is work?—what is the soul?—nothing! Here"—he took up a handful of the stones and dropped them back again into the piles—"here, Armorel, is what will purchase pleasure—solid comfort! I shall live in ease and sloth: I shall do nothing: I shall feast every day: everybody will call me a great painter because I am rich. Oh,

I have a splendid vision of the days to come, when I have turned these glittering things into cash! Farewell, drudgery—I am rich! Farewell, disappointment—I am rich! Farewell, servitude—I am rich! Farewell, work and struggle—I am rich! Why should I care any more for Art? I am rich, Armorel! I am rich!"

"That is not all you are going to say about the rubies, Roland. Come to the conclusion."

"Not quite all. In the old days I flung away everything for the Way of Wealth and the Way of Pleasure—as I thought. Good Heavens! What Wealth came to me? What Pleasure? Well, Armorel, in your presence I now throw away the wealth. Since you will not have it, I will not."

He seized the case as if he would throw it overboard. She leaned forward eagerly and stopped him.

"Will you really do this, Roland? Stop a moment. Think. It is a great sacrifice. You might use that wealth for all kinds of good and useful things. You could command the making of beautiful things: you could help yourself in your Art: you could travel and study—you could do a great deal, you know, with all this money. Think, before you do what can never be undone."

Roland, for reply, laid the rubies again in her lap. It was as if one should bring a Trespass offering and lay it upon the altar. The case was open, and the light was still strong enough overhead for the rubies to be seen in a glittering heap.

He took them up again. "Do you consent, Armorel?"

She bowed her head.

He took a handful of the stones and dropped them in the water. There was a little splash, and the precious stones, the fortune of Robert Fletcher, the gems of the Burmah mines, dropped like a shower upon the surface. They were, as we know, nothing but bits of paste and glass, but this he did not know. And therefore the Trespass offering was rich and precious. Then he took the silken kerchief which had wrapped them and threw the rest away, as one throws into the sea a handful of pebbles picked up on the beach.

"So," he said, "that is done. And now I am poor again. You shall keep the empty case, Armorel, if you like."

"No—no. I do not want even the case. I want never to be reminded again of the rubies and the story of Robert Fletcher." Roland dipped the oars again, and with two or three vigorous strokes pulled the boat out of the dark channel—the tomb of his wealth—into the open water beyond. There in the dying light the puffins swam and dived, and the seagulls screamed as they flew overhead, and on the edge of the rocks the shags stood in meditative rows.

Far away in the studio of the poet-painter—the cleverest man in London—sat two who were uneasy with the same gnawing anxiety. Roland Lee had the rubies. When would the discovery be made? When would there be an inquiry? What would come out? As the time goes on this anxiety will grow less, but it will never wholly vanish. It will change perhaps into curiosity as to what has been done with those bits of glass and paste. Why has not Roland found out? He must have given them to his wife, and she must have kept them locked up. Some day it will be discovered that they are valueless. But then it will be far too late for any inquiry. As yet they do not speak of the thing. It is too recent. Roland Lee has but just acquired his fortune: he is still gloating over the stones: he is building castles in the air: he is planning his future. When he finds out the truth about them—what will happen then?

"I have had a bad dream of temptation with rubies, Armorel. Temptation harder than you would believe. How calm is the sea to-night! How warm the air! The last light of the West lies on your cheek, and—Armorel! Oh! Armorel!"

It was quite six o'clock, long after dark, when the two came home. They walked over the hill hand in hand. They entered the room hand in hand, their faces grave and solemn. I know not what things had been said between them, but they were things quite sacred. Only the lighter things—the things of the surface—the things that everybody expects—can be set down concerning love. The tears stood in Armorel's eyes. And, as if Effie had not been in the room at all, she held out both her hands for her lover to take, and when he bent his head she raised her face to meet his lips.

"You have come back to me, Roland," she said. "You have grown so tall—so tall—grown to your full height. Welcome home!"

At seven the door opened and the serving-folk came in. First marched Justinian, bowed and bent, but still active. Then Dorcas, also bowed and bent, but active. Then Chessun. Effie turned down the lamp.

Dorcas stood for a moment, while Chessun placed the chairs, gazing upon Roland, who stood erect as a soldier surveyed by his captain.

"You have got a good face," she said, "if a loving face is a good face. If you love her you will make her happy. If she loves you your lot is happy. If you deserve her, you are not far from the Kingdom of Heaven."

"Your words, Dorcas," he replied, "are of good omen."

"Chessun shall make a posset to-night," she said. "If ever a posset was made, one shall be made to-night—a sherry posset! I remember the posset for your mother, Armorel, and for your grandmother, the first day she came here with her sweetheart. A sherry posset you shall have—hot and strong!"

The old man sat down and threw small lumps of coal upon the fire. Then the flames leaped up, and the red light played about the room and on Armorel's glowing face as she took her fiddle and stood up in the old place to play to them in the old fashion.

Dorcas sat opposite her husband. At her left hand, Chessun with her spinning-wheel. It was all—except for the Ancient Lady and the hooded chair—all exactly as Roland remembered it six years before. Yet, as Armorel said, though outside there was the music of the waves and within the music of her violin—the music was set to other words and arranged for another key. Between himself of that time and of the present, how great a gulf!

Armorel finished tuning, and looked towards her master.

"'Dissembling Love'!" he commanded. "'Tis a moving piece, and you play it rarely. 'Dissembling Love'!"

THE END.

A NEW TALE.

In our Next Number (beginning a New Volume) will be given the first instalment of THE WONDERFUL ADVENTURES OF PHRA THE PHŒNICIAN, *retold by Edwin Lester Arnold, with an Introduction by Sir Edwin Arnold, and Illustrated by Mr. H. M. Paget.*

SKETCHES IN BRITISH EAST AFRICA.

The negotiations between her Majesty's Government and that of the German Empire for an agreement to define the respective limits of territory in the interior of East Central Africa which are to determine the "sphere of influence," and possibly the future dominion, of British and German authorised companies, have excited much attention. We have, upon former occasions, described the undertaking of the British East Africa Company, and the geographical position of that part of the coast which was given up to its operations by the nominal Sovereign, the late Sultan of Zanzibar, in the same manner as the German East Africa Company was invested with rights of occupation and administration over a much more extensive region to the south; both having access westward to the shores of the great Lake Victoria Nyanza. The principal British settlement is at the seaport of Mombasa, where the headquarters of the Company's administration have been established by Mr. George Mackenzie, and which will be the official residence of Sir Francis De Winton, recently appointed Governor of British East Africa. We are favoured by Captain Robert Brereton, late of the 46th Regiment, who has returned to England from a term of employment in the Company's explorations and surveys, with Sketches of Mombasa and its vicinity, and with the following descriptive notes:—

The now familiar name of Mombasa stands for both an island and a town: the island is only between two or three miles in diameter, and lies in an inlet of the sea some 150 miles to the north of Zanzibar. The old town is on the northern shore of the estuary, only half a mile from the mainland at English Point. Although the anchorage at Mombasa is very limited, the Imperial British East Africa Company, with their indomitable determination to make this important possession a credit to England, will shortly establish a port capable of holding the largest fleets.

The sun here is hotter than in India, but there is usually a cool breeze from the sea. The population of the town is about 12,000, and consists principally of Wasuaheli and Arabs, with some Hindoo Banian traders and slaves from the native tribes of the interior. The town itself is unfit for Europeans to reside in, consisting of wretched houses, or huts, which are flat-roofed, and mostly thatched with cocoanut leaves. Mr. George Mackenzie's house is about the only habitable one in the town. As the acting administrator here, he has, by his energy and ability, done much, and by his courteous manner has endeared himself to those serving under him.

In the seventeenth century Mombasa was a Portuguese settlement. The old fort is now surrounded by the town, and bears the date (cut in stone over the main gate) of its erection by Xerxes de Cabreira, A.D. 1635. The old fort is a most interesting and picturesque structure, and, by the kindness of the Lewali, a native Arab governor ruling here, I was enabled to make a thorough inspection of the ancient fortress a few months ago. I was accompanied by Captain Turner, of the British India Steamship Company's ship Kapurthala; and by Captain Bradford, R.N., who was going on to Zanzibar to take home H.M.S. Algerine.

The Lewali gave us a kind reception, surrounded by his motley crew of irregular soldiers, armed with old rifles, long swords, and Arab knives, looking as dirty as can possibly be imagined. His servants presented us with coffee and sherbet. The Lewali himself was most courteous and kind, receiving us, as he does all Europeans, with the greatest hospitality. He then showed us round the fort, where may be seen hundreds of old cannon of all calibres, and not a few rifle cannon-shot fired from the British men-of-war some few years ago, when the Egyptians took possession of the town, and were turned out by us, as allies of the Sultan of Zanzibar.

Besides the fort above mentioned, there are several outlying ones, built also by the Portuguese, but they are now uninhabited, except at night by a panther or hyena. They are now quickly going to decay, but among the ruins are to be seen many old cannon and piles of ball.

To return the Lewali's hospitality, Captain Turner invited him, the following day, on board the Kapurthala, and, followed by innumerable Arab attendants armed to the teeth, he appeared, accompanied by a Taheita chief who came from about 100 miles inland. This native chief had never before visited the coast or seen a sea-going vessel. He was clothed in a sort of cotton toga, thrown over the shoulders. His one weapon was a spear. It was amusing to witness his astonishment at the sight of our ship, and when on board it was with difficulty that we induced him to descend the companion-ladder into the saloon. He cautiously felt each step, as if he was hanging over some awful precipice, and not knowing to what unknown depths it might lead. He accepted some sugar, which he simply devoured from his hands, and a few biscuits, but was evidently fearful to partake of other refreshments. The Lewali and his followers slaked their thirst with coffee and lemonade.

The Sketch of the old Portuguese fort at Mombasa is taken from English Point, about half a mile opposite on the mainland, where the Imperial British East Africa Company have now stored most of their railway plant, for the purpose of laying a line to Lake Victoria Nyanza, and have erected barracks and wooden houses for European employés.

Another Sketch represents the ordinary Mombasa prisoners taking a rest at midday outside the fort. They are sentenced to a week or so imprisonment for riotous conduct inside the fort, drunkenness, or theft. These punishments are inflicted by order of the acting administrator in conjunction with the Lewali. They are allowed four pice a day for maintenance, which is not an exorbitant sum, considering there are sixty-two pice to the rupee, and one rupee at Mombasa is valued at about 1s. 4d. English money. An iron collar is locked round each prisoner's neck, and all are joined by a chain, in which way they are forced to work, guarded by one of the Lewali's Arab soldiers, armed with a long gun, and an Arab knife in his girdle.

The house and church of the United Free Methodist Mission to the Wanika and Gala tribes, at Rebé, are shown in one of the Sketches. This Mission was founded so far back as 1861. The Rev. J. H. Carthew has for some time past taken charge of it, with much credit to himself and honour to his society. It is some fourteen miles inland from Mombasa, and near Jomvu, which is also under Mr. Carthew's care. This is often made the first halting-place for caravans and hunters proceeding to the interior, and all must bear testimony to the kindness and hospitality of Mr. Carthew, and his friendly solicitude for many a weary traveller.

A few miles from here is the stockaded native village which not long ago was the scene of a horrible butchery by the dreaded Masai tribe, who come from the country behind Kilimanjaro. The Masai are a fierce race, and a terror to all, because of their frequent raids on the cattle, sheep, and goats of the more peaceful tribes. They are a remarkable people, in physique as well as in their manners and customs, and are often met with far south of their own country; but all agree that they are the most savage of the races of Equatorial Africa. Descending upon the little stockaded village, they cleared out the cattle and rushed upon the unfortunate women, who were hoeing and digging in the *shambas*, or cultivated grounds. In a most horrible manner they ripped these poor creatures with their knives and spears, and then left them to die miserably. The Rev. Mr. Carthew hurried to the scene of this butchery, and was obliged himself to put the fragments of the bodies together as well as he could, and to bury them decently, as the natives would not touch them.

To the eye of the European traveller nothing can be more beautiful than the scenery of most parts of Equatorial Africa. Magnificent flowers, widespreading shady trees, and exquisite plants are met with everywhere, flourishing abundantly in their native soil, such as could in England only be found in the conservatory. But amid all this beauty of tropical scenery and botanical treasures there lurks the dreaded malaria, with fever striking down the explorer, the missionary, and the trader, whose deaths may leave friends at home to mourn their loss when they lie buried in a far-off foreign grave.

The Queen has conferred the Albert Medal of the first class upon Ronald Maclean, of East London, Cape Colony, he having distinguished himself by saving many lives from drowning. On various occasions since 1874 Maclean also rendered valuable assistance in working the rocket apparatus at wrecks, and helping the crews ashore, and was, in consequence, selected to take charge of the local Volunteer Rocket Brigade.

The National Indian Association, of which the Princess of Wales is patroness, held its annual meeting at the Westminster Palace Hotel. Lord Reay, late Governor of Bombay, took the chair. The special object of the gathering was to bring before the public the claims of one particular branch of the association's work—the education of Indian women. Lord Herschell referred to the case of an Indian child who had become a widow at the early age of five years, and who was now pursuing medical studies under the help of the association. The meeting was of opinion that education lay at the root of all possible advance in the position of Indian women, and unanimously affirmed a resolution approving the objects of the special educational fund.

ASTRONOMICAL OCCURRENCES IN JULY.

(*From the Illustrated London Almanack.*)

The Moon rises on the 3rd at 9h 38m p.m., and she will be to the right of Jupiter throughout the night. She passes the Meridian on the morning of the 4th, at 1h 35m a.m., and the planet 29 minutes later. She rises on the 4th at 10h 19m p.m., and will be to the left of the planet throughout the night. He passes the Meridian, or is due south, on the 5th at 2h a.m., and the Moon 37 minutes later. She is near and to the right of Mercury on the morning of the 16th. She is near both Venus and Saturn during the evening hours of the 19th and 20th, being to the right of both planets on the 19th, and some distance above Saturn, Venus being a little lower and to the left of Saturn; on the evening of the 20th she will be to the left of both planets, the Moon, Saturn, and Venus forming a triangle, Venus being the lowest. On this evening Saturn sets at 9h 33m p.m., Venus at 9h 37m p.m., and the Moon at 10h 2m p.m. During the evening hours of the 26th the Moon will be to the right of Mars. She passes the Meridian at 7h 13m p.m., and the planet 23 minutes afterwards. On the 27th she will be to the left of the same planet. He passes the Meridian at 7h 33m p.m., and the Moon 33 minutes afterwards, and she sets a little after midnight. She is at some little distance to the right of Jupiter on the night of the 30th. The Moon is due south at 11h 13m p.m., and Jupiter 51 minutes later. She is also near and to the left of the same planet on the 31st. Jupiter is due south at midnight, and the Moon 18 minutes later. Her phases or times of change are:—

Full Moon	on the	2nd	at 23	minutes after	2h	in the afternoon.
Last Quarter	„	9th	„ 43	„	4	„ morning.
New Moon	„	17th	„ 50	„	0	„ morning.
First Quarter	„	25th	„ 44	„	2	„ morning.
Full Moon	„	31st	„ 24	„	9	„ afternoon.

She is nearest to the Earth on the 3rd, most distant on the 18th, and nearest to it again on the 31st.

Mercury is a morning star, rising on the 1st at 2h 35m a.m., or 1h 13m before the Sun; on the 6th, at 2h 40m a.m., or 1h 13m before the Sun; on the 11th, at 2h 54m a.m., or 1h 4m before sunrise; on the 16th, at 3h 19m a.m., or 44 minutes before sunrise; on the 21st, at 3h 58m a.m., or 11 minutes before sunrise. He sets on the 26th at 8h 19m p.m., or 25 minutes after sunset; and on the 31st, at 8h 21m p.m., or 34 minutes after the Sun. He is in ascending node on the 11th, in perihelion on the 15th, near the Moon on the 16th, and in superior conjunction with the Sun on the 22nd.

Venus sets on the 1st at 10h 10m p.m., or 1h 52m after the Sun; on the 11th, at 9h 55m p.m., or 1h 42m after the Sun; on the 21st, at 9h 35m p.m., or 1h 32m after the Sun; and on the 31st, at 9h 13m p.m., or 1h 26m after the Sun. She is near Saturn on the 17th, and near the Moon on the 20th.

Mars sets on the 2nd at 0h 59m a.m., on the 12th, at 0h 20m a.m., and on the 22nd, at 11h 44m p.m. He is stationary among the stars on the 4th, and near the Moon on the 27th.

Jupiter rises on the 9th at 9h 13m p.m., or 59 minutes after sunset; on the 19th, at 8h 31m p.m., or 26 minutes after sunset; and on the 29th, at 7h 48m p.m., at about the same time as the Sun sets. He is near the Moon on the 3rd, in opposition to the Sun on the 30th, and near the Moon again on the 31st.

Saturn sets on the 1st at 10h 44m p.m.; on the 10th, at 10h 10m p.m., or 1h 57m after sunset; on the 20th, at 9h 33m p.m., or 1h 29m after sunset; and on the 30th, at 8h 55m p.m., or 1h 6m after sunset. He is near the Moon on the 20th.

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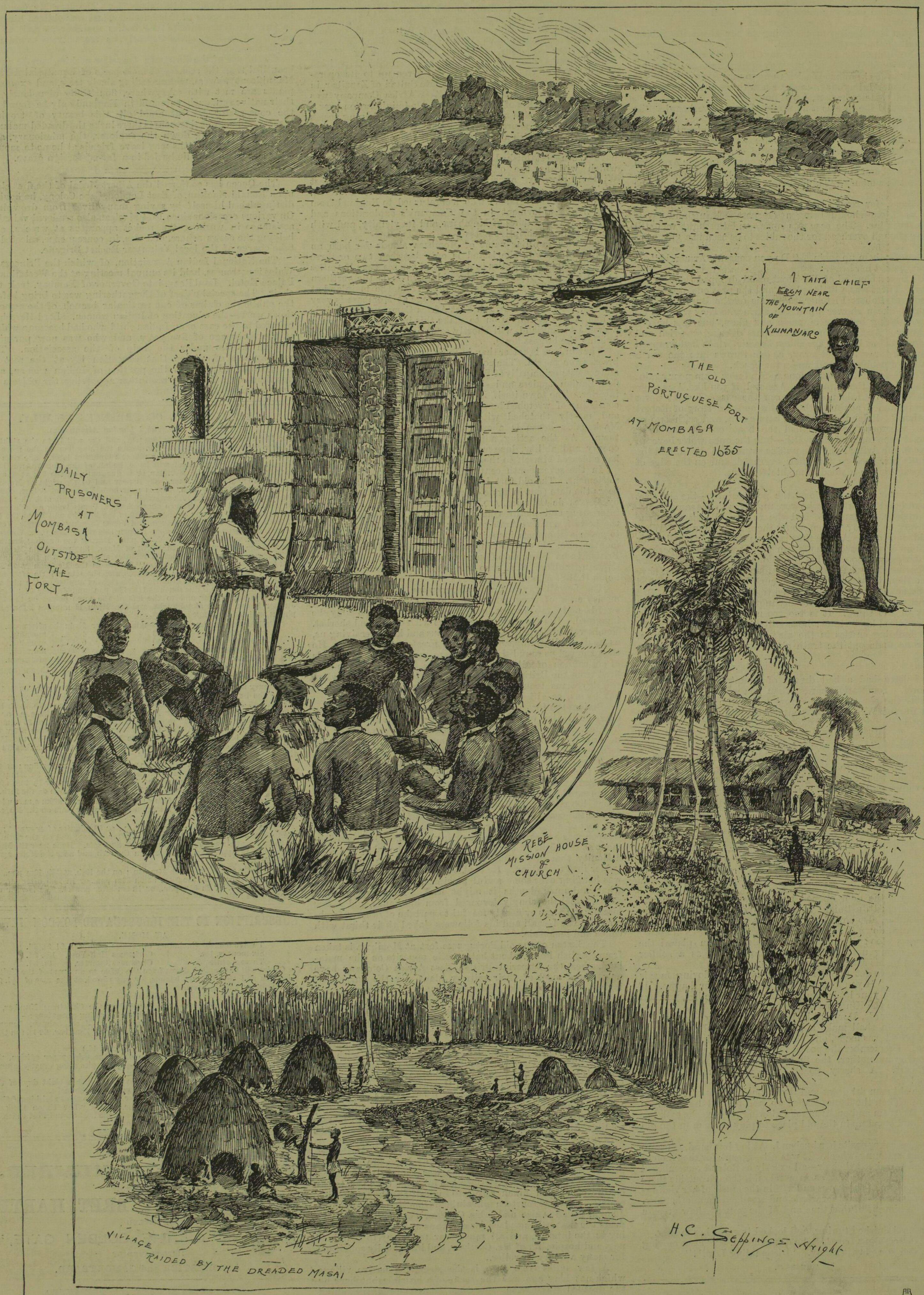
DAILY PRISONERS AT MOMBASA OUTSIDE THE FORT
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A TAITA CHIEF FROM NEAR THE MOUNTAIN OF KILIMANJARO
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VILLAGE RAIDED BY THE DREADED MASAI
H.C. Seppings Wright

SKETCHES IN BRITISH EAST AFRICA.

"DUCKS AND GREEN PEAS."—BY MISS E. MITCHELL.

MUSIC.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

The proceedings remaining for record since our last notice have included the first performance this season of Mozart's "Le Nozze di Figaro," his masterpiece in the comic style, as his "Don Giovanni" is in the serious and romantic school. The cast of the first-named opera on the occasion now referred to was, generally, a strong one. To begin with the ladies—Madame Tavary as the Countess, Miss Ella Russell as Susanna, and Madame Scalchi as Cherubino were, in most respects, satisfactory representatives of the respective characters. The first-named lady gave her music with the earnest seriousness and dignity appropriate to its significance—her delivery of the arias "Porgi Amor" and "Dove Sono" having been fine specimens of expressive vocalisation. Miss Russell gave the music of Susanna with a due mingling of grace and coquetry of manner, and with fluent and refined execution. Madame Scalchi, as Cherubino, was scarcely so well suited as in some other characters with which she has been associated. Signor D'Andrade was a bright and vivacious Figaro; M. Dufriche gave an excellent dramatic rendering of the character of the Count; M. Isnardon, as Bartolo, was humorous without undue buffoonery; Signor Rinaldini was quaint as Basilio; and the cast included Mdlle. Bauermeister as Marcellina and Signor Miranda as Antonio. The exquisite music of Mozart—which no number of repetitions can ever render too familiar—exercised the same charm as heretofore.

The operas announced subsequently to the performance just noticed were repetitions of works recently given, until June 23, when Meyerbeer's "Le Prophète" was promised, for the first time this season. To this event reference is made in another part of the Paper.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

One of the specialties of the London season was the grand festival performance of "St. Paul," given at the Sydenham building on June 21. Originally produced at Düsseldorf in 1836, when Mendelssohn was about the age of twenty-seven, "St. Paul," his first oratorio, was first heard in England at Liverpool in the same year as that of its production in Germany, it having been performed by the London Sacred Harmonic Society, and at the Birmingham Festival of the following year.

The great impression made by this grand work was exceeded by that produced by his "Elijah," which was commissioned for the Birmingham Festival and brought out at that celebration in 1846. Such was the lasting enthusiasm excited by "Elijah" that, for many years, it has usually formed the opening performance of most of our provincial festivals, and, very unjustly, threw into comparative shade the oratorio which had preceded it. Yet it may be doubted whether the earlier work is not fully equal to its successor, at least in purity and elevation of style, "Elijah" having much of the dramatic element in its structure. How far this element should enter into oratorio music may be matter of disputation; but there can scarcely be a difference of opinion as to the transcendent merits of both of Mendelssohn's oratorios, to which a third would have been added (for the Birmingham Festival of 1849), had not the composer been removed by his premature death in 1847.

The recent performance of "St. Paul," at the Crystal Palace, was on a scale of grandeur similar to that of the Handel Festivals, which have for many years been given in that building. The chorus and orchestra numbered between three and four thousand executants, and their admirable rendering of the music, under the skilled conductorship of Mr. Manns, was what could scarcely be hoped for from such vast numbers. The co-operation of about four hundred members of the fine Bristol Choir, and the association of some five hundred boy choristers, were valuable accessories. In the chorale "Sleepers, wake" the last-named feature was especially effective. That the solo portions of the oratorio received full justice was a matter of course, considering that the principal soloists were Madame Albani, Madame Patey, Mr. E. Lloyd, and Mr. W. Mills.

Performances by the Royal Italian Opera Company have continued to be given, at intervals, at the Crystal Palace. Mozart's "Le Nozze di Figaro" was announced for June 24, cast as recently given at the Covent-Garden establishment.

Señor Sarasate's third concert at St. James's Hall (his last appearance in London this season) took place on June 21, when the eminent Spanish violinist played, with his usual brilliant execution, Max Bruch's second concerto, Dr. Mackenzie's characteristic "Pibroch," and a solo of the player's own composition. A full orchestra, conducted by Mr. W. G. Cusins, was an important feature of the concert.

The sixth Richter concert of the season consisted entirely of music of the so-called "advanced" school. The programme comprised Brahms's "Tragic" overture, selections from Wagner's "Götterdämmerung," "Die Meistersinger," and "Die Walküre"; the characteristic ballet music from Rubinstein's "Feramors," and Liszt's symphonic poem to Dante's "Divina Commedia." The solo vocalists announced for the Wagner selections were Misses Anna Williams, Fillunger, and L. Little, and Mr. E. Lloyd.

Madame Adelina Patti makes another appearance at an afternoon concert at the Royal Albert Hall on Saturday, June 28, when the programme includes her performance of more or less familiar pieces, and the co-operation of other eminent artists.

The skilful performances of various regimental bands continue to be attractive features at the Royal Military Exhibition. The special piece entitled "The Battle of Waterloo," produced at the recent anniversary of the event, proved so successful that it was announced for repetition on June 21.

The Musical Guild announced the fourth and last concert of the third series for June 24 at the Kensington Townhall, with a good programme of chamber music.

The scheme of the proposed Municipal Band for London will, it is to be hoped, be aided in its fulfilment by the concert announced for that purpose at St. James's Hall on June 27.

That estimable pianist and conductor Mr. Ganz arranged his annual concert to take place at Dudley House on June 24, with a varied programme.

Yet another pianist has appeared in Herr Zeldenrust, who announced a recital at Steinway Hall on June 23; and this was followed by the appearance of still another in Herr Denhoff, who advertised his first recital at Princes' Hall on June 25, the next day having been named for Mdlle. V. de Bunsen's concert at Portman Rooms, and the day following for that of Madame Z. Caryll's concert at St. James's Hall, the programme having promised the co-operation of several of the principal members of the Royal Italian Opera company and other eminent musical artists, of Madame Sarah Bernhardt, and of the concert-giver as pianist.

A specialty among recent miscellaneous concerts was M. Sapellnikoff's second pianoforte recital at St. James's Hall, on June 24, when Madame Sophie Menter, the eminent pianist, was announced to take part in the performances.

Madame Haas, a sterling interpreter of classical pianoforte music, recently gave a recital at Steinway Hall. Among other miscellaneous concerts that have been announced were those of Mr. C. F. Reddie (his first pianoforte recital) at Steinway Hall; Mdlle. Dufour's annual concert at the Lyric Club; Mr. Lehmeyer's annual concert at Steinway Hall; Miss C. Elliot's concert at Dudley House; Signor Ducci's annual matinée at 1A. Ovington-square; the matinée of that rising young vocalist, Miss G. Ganz, at 4, Grosvenor-place; Mr. Bevan's concert at Princes' Hall in aid of the funds of an East-End mission; Herr Josef Ludwig and Mr. W. E. Whitehouse's third chamber concert at Princes' Hall; Miss Emma Barker's morning concert at Messrs. Collard's concert-room; and Signor M. A. Franceschetti's historical concert at 105, Piccadilly, by permission of Sir Julian and Lady Goldsmid.

The number of miscellaneous concerts this season has been unprecedented. It is to be hoped that some subsidence will now take place—from fifty to sixty performances per week are beyond all power of dealing with.

"LA JEUNESSE."

It has been recognised as an open question in Paris *ateliers* whether both or only one of Charles Chaplin's parents were English by birth, but there is no doubt that in everything which reflects national feeling their son is French to the tips of his fingers. He was born sixty-five years ago, at Les Andelys, in the Department of the Eure, not far from Rouen, and among the busy manufacturing population attracted thither from various parts of Europe. Charles Chaplin went to Paris at an early age, and studied first at the Ecole des Beaux Arts; and afterwards with Drolling, an eclipsed luminary of Louis Philippe's time. There was nothing in Chaplin's early work to distinguish him from his contemporaries—he painted portraits which attracted slight notice, and realistic landscapes which were even less successful, except perhaps a drove of pigs exhibited in 1861; while his religious pictures, such as "St. Sebastian pierced by Arrows," were scarcely noticed. In 1851, however, he suddenly seems to have found his true vein in a portrait of his sister—thoroughly French in grace and sentiment. Since then he has devoted himself chiefly to the painting of boudoir beauties, more or less inspired by the traditions of the eighteenth century. One of his most successful pictures is that known as "Bulles de Savon," which was painted in 1863, and is now at the Luxembourg, and forms a pendant to his more recent work, "La Jeunesse," which is engraved with the present number, and has also been purchased for the French nation. The former of these two works represents a young girl, a blonde, in a rose-coloured corsage with a skirt of white satin, with a blue vase and a wooden spinning-wheel in the background. "La Fille aux Tourterelles," exhibited at the same time, is a brunette in a yellow dress, with doves flying about her. In both, the flesh tones are perhaps the most successful, but in these, as in all his work, Chaplin exhibits a thorough appreciation of the easy and voluptuous grace of the salons of Louis XV. and the Regency. Among other and larger works Chaplin was engaged to paint the ceiling and panels of the Salon des Fleurs at the Tuileries, and a portion of the roof of the Elysées; while the walls of the famous bath-room erected for the Empress in the Tuileries bore witness, until their destruction by the Commune, to his light and pleasing fancy. Since his first success in 1851, he has obtained all the distinctions which the Salon and the Government could bestow, and even now, in spite of his advanced age, his *atelier* is one of the most frequented. He reckons among his pupils some of the most popular painters of the day, among whom may be mentioned Madame Madeleine Lemaire, whose drawings now on view at the Goupil Gallery were recently noticed in these columns.

The Bishop of Winchester's golden wedding was celebrated quietly at Farnham Castle on June 18. A large number of presents were received.

A rifle-match has been shot between the London Rifle Brigade and the Civil Service Corps, on the range of the former at Rainham. The Rifle Brigade led off with some very high scoring, but the Civil Service won a closely contested match by thirty-three points.

The Dublin University authorities have resolved to confer the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws on the Rev. Robert P. Graves, a distinguished archæologist; of Doctor of Medicine on Dr. John Marshall, President of the General Medical Council; and of Master of Arts upon Mr. Anlad Ali, Professor of Arabic, Persian, and Hindustani in the University.

Westminster Townhall was crowded to excess on the occasion of the annual prize distribution to the girls of Grey-coat Hospital Schools, the ceremony being performed by Mrs. W. H. Smith. A pleasant feature in the proceedings was the singing of the scholars, which clearly showed that their musical training is not neglected. The examiner's report showed that girls under the age of twelve at the schools are taught algebra and Euclid.

At a conversazione, on June 19, in the Galleries of the Nineteenth Century Art Society, Conduit-street, Lady Montagu presented prizes and certificates to the successful competitors in the typewriting contest recently held at Exeter Hall. The superiority of the fair sex in this particular art was clearly established, a speed of seventy words per minute having been attained by Miss L. Durant, to whom was awarded a gold medal.

The twenty-third annual meeting of the Royal Alfred Aged Merchant Seamen's Institution was held at Cannon-street Hotel, Mr. R. S. Donkin, president of the society, in the chair. The report showed that during the past year twenty old merchant seamen had been admitted to the home at Belvedere, and forty-three were in the receipt of out-pensions, making a total of 918 admitted to the benefits of the institution since its opening in 1867. At present a total of 292 persons are receiving relief from the institution.

Another aspirant to fame as a fasting man has made his appearance in the person of Alexandre Jacques, who began, at the Westminster Aquarium, on June 21, an attempt to fast for forty-two days. Jacques, who as a sergeant in the French army passed through the Franco-German war, claims to possess the recipe of a powder which will enable any ordinary person to go without food for weeks at a time without loss of health or strength. He announces his intention of taking only 2½ oz. of the powder during his six-weeks fast.

The thirty-second annual meeting of the Railway Benevolent Institution was held at the Cannon-street Hotel. Mr. H. Oakley, who presided, congratulated those present on the results of the past year, and stated that every applicant for annuities could be admitted. The Queen had repeated her donation of £50, and a retired railway officer had given £125 to found an annuity for the Scotch branch. The present number of pensioners is 656, and 130 officers' children are being educated in private schools and 246 servants' children at the orphanage at Derby. A number of annuitants were elected.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will, with one codicil (both dated Nov. 11, 1887), of Mr. Frederick Hansbrow Dutton, formerly of Adelaide and Anlaby, South Australia, and late of Buckingham Palace Hotel, Buckingham-gate, who died on April 22 last, was proved in London (save and except as to his property in South Australia) on June 13 by Frank McDermott Dutton, the nephew, and John Webb Probyn, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £242,000. Out of his South Australian property he bequeaths £2500 to the Kapunda Hospital, South Australia; £500 to the Dutton Recreation Ground, Kapunda; £1000 to the Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb, Adelaide; £12,000, upon trust, for each of his nieces Mary Broughton Rebecca Dutton, and Lelie Adele Dutton, for their respective lives, and then for their issue as they shall respectively appoint; £10,000 to the children of his late niece Ludovina Charlotte Jane Moore; and considerable legacies to manager, bookkeeper, executors, and others. The residue of his South Australian property he gives to his nephew Henry Dutton. Out of his general property he bequeaths £10,000, upon trust, for his niece Emma Dutton, for life, and then for her sons by her former husband, Erasmus Roberts; £10,000, upon trust, for his niece Caroline Birch Mitchell, for life, and then for her issue as she shall appoint, and other legacies. As to the residue of his general property, he leaves three fifths to his nephew Frank McDermott Dutton, and two fifths to his nephew Frederick Dutton.

The will (dated May 19, 1876), with nine codicils, of Mrs. Susanna Evans, late of 55, Westbourne-terrace, who died on April 27 last, was proved on June 4 by Miss Susan Ann Jones and Alfred Maples Jeaffreson, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £89,000. The testatrix bequeaths very numerous legacies, including £500 each to St. Mary's Hospital, Paddington, the Governesses' Benevolent Institution, and the United Kingdom Beneficent Institution. The residue of her personal estate, including the property she has power to appoint under the will of her father, John Allen, she leaves, upon trust, for Grace Dingwall, Agnes Maud Dingwall, Edith Susan Child, and Kate Evans Child, in equal shares, for their respective lives, and then for their issue as they shall respectively appoint.

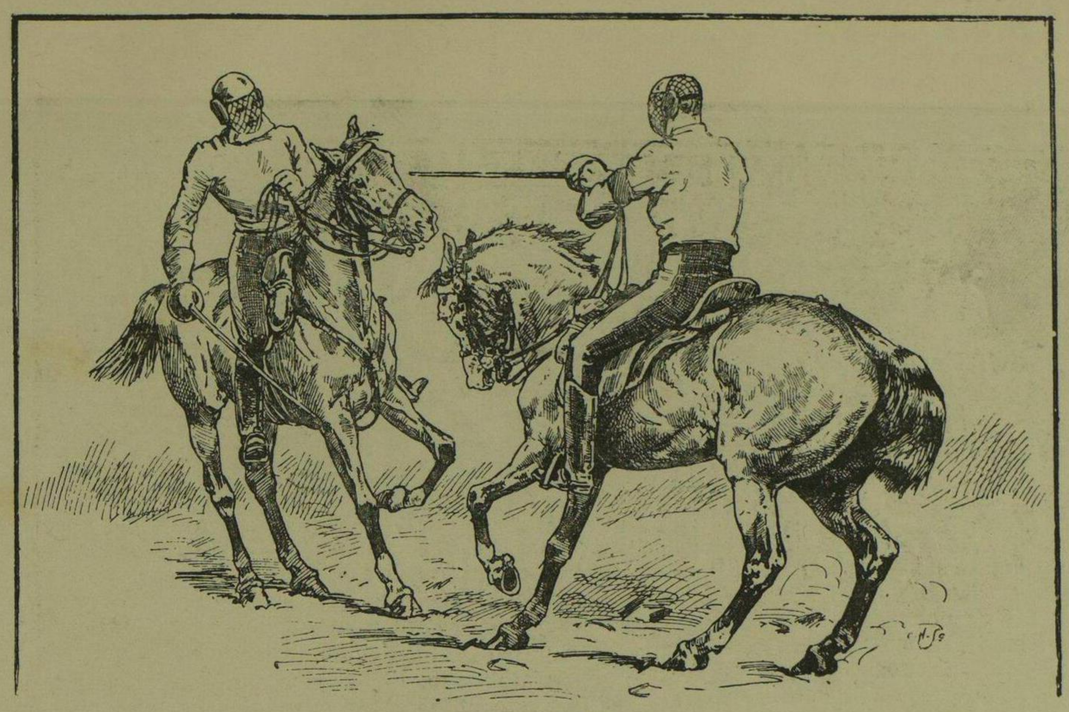
The will of Sir John Blosset Maule, Knt., Q.C., late of 47, Ennismore-gardens, Kensington, who died on Oct. 20 last, was proved on June 9 by Francis Benjamin Maule, the brother, and sole executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £72,000. The testator gives £10,000 Two-and-Three-quarter per Cent. Consols to each of his sisters Mary Eliza Lawson and Eleanor Dealtry Dealtry Cresswell; and his leasehold house in Ennismore-gardens, with the furniture, plate, pictures, books, and wines therein, and his farm in Polsham and Coxley, in the manor of Wells, Somersetshire, to his brother, the said Francis Benjamin Maule. The residue of his personal estate he bequeaths to his said brother.

The will (dated Nov. 29, 1882) of the Rev. Joseph John Gurney, formerly of Bracondale Hall, Norwich, and late of Lakenham Old Hall, Norfolk, who died on April 12 last, was proved on June 7 by Francis John Gurney, the brother, and William Ernest Ripley, the half-brother, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £55,000. The testator bequeaths his plate, books, pictures, furniture, articles of household use and ornament, wines and consumable stores, horses, carriages, and £1000 to his wife; and as tokens of his regard and affection, £100 to his sister Catherine Gurney Lubbock, and £50 to each of his nephews and nieces. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his issue, as his wife shall by deed or will appoint, and in default of appointment for all his children, in equal shares.

The will (dated Aug. 8, 1878), with a codicil (dated Sept. 25, 1880), of Mr. Thomas Truesdale Clarke, J.P., D.L., late of Swakeleys, in the county of Middlesex, who died on April 5 last, was proved on June 5, by William Capel Clarke Thornhill, the son, the surviving executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £50,000. The testator leaves £1000, all his horses, carriages, harness, linen, china, glass, her jewellery, plate to the value of £200, and furniture to the value of £300 to his wife, Mrs. Jane Selina Clarke; a house at Ickenham, with the pleasure-grounds and the furniture and effects therein, to his wife, for life, and at her death the said furniture and effects are to be divided between his daughters Mrs. Louisa Jane Selina Cochran and Helen Clarke; £10,000, and on the death of his wife such further sum as, with what she will be entitled to under settlements, will make up £10,000, upon trust, for his daughter Mrs. Cochran, her husband, and children; £10,000, and on the death of his wife such further sum as, with what she will be entitled to under settlements, will make up £8000, upon trust, for his daughter Helen Clarke; £100 to each child of his daughters living at his decease; and the advowson of the church at Ickenham, upon trust, to present thereto his grandson Algernon Home Cochran, or such other son of his daughter Mrs. Cochran as shall first become qualified. He makes up the income of his wife, with what she is entitled to under settlement, to £2000 per annum. The residue of his real and personal estate he gives to his said son, William Capel Clarke Thornhill.

The will (dated May 31, 1882) of the Rev. Christopher Bowen, late of Totland Bay, Freshwater, Isle of Wight, who died on March 18 last, was proved on June 9 by Edward Ernest Bowen, the son, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £36,000. The testator states that certain lands in the county of Mayo are settled on his elder son, Charles Synge Christopher (Lord Justice Bowen), and that on the death of his wife other lands in the same county will go to his second son, Edward Ernest; and he now gives a house on the Lee Glebe estate, Kent, to his eldest son; and the Heatherwood estate, Isle of Wight, to his second son, with the exception of a house which he leaves at the absolute disposal of his wife, Mrs. Catherine Emily Bowen. He also leaves to his wife all his money invested in the Government funds, his furniture and books, and the use of his plate, for life. To his eldest son he bequeaths the family portraits and bible, and, on the death of his wife, the plate presented to him by the parishioners of St. Saviour's, Southwark, and the rest of his plate to his second son. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and then to be equally divided between his two sons.

The will (dated Nov. 2, 1886), with a codicil (dated Aug. 28, 1889), of Mr. Frederick William John Caldwell, late of 4, Hanover-terrace, Regent's Park, and of Mishuish, Argyllshire, who died on May 10, was proved on June 9 by Colonel John Fletcher Caldwell, the son, and Theophilus Sandeman, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £20,000. The testator bequeaths £1500 to each of his sons, John Fletcher and Frederick Charles; £3000, upon trust, for each of his daughters, Mrs. Caroline Mary Sills and Mrs. Catherine Ann Sandeman; £1000, upon trust, for each of his grandchildren, William Morris Caldwell, John Balfour Caldwell, and Lilian Susan Caldwell; legacies to his executors; and there are some specific bequests to children and others. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves equally between his two sons.



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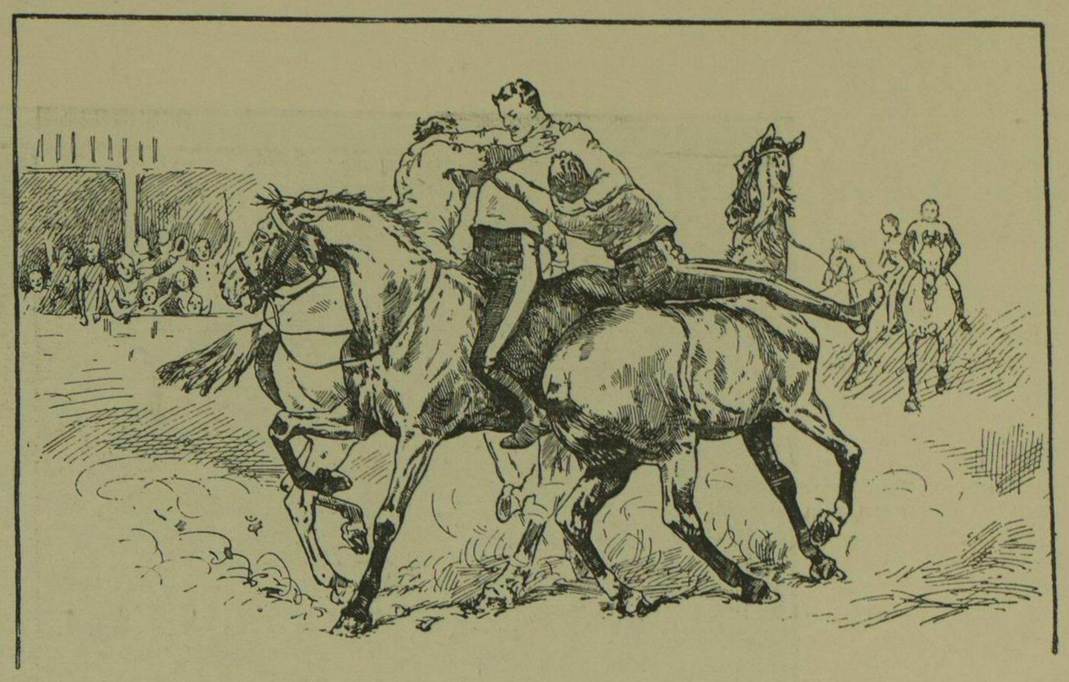

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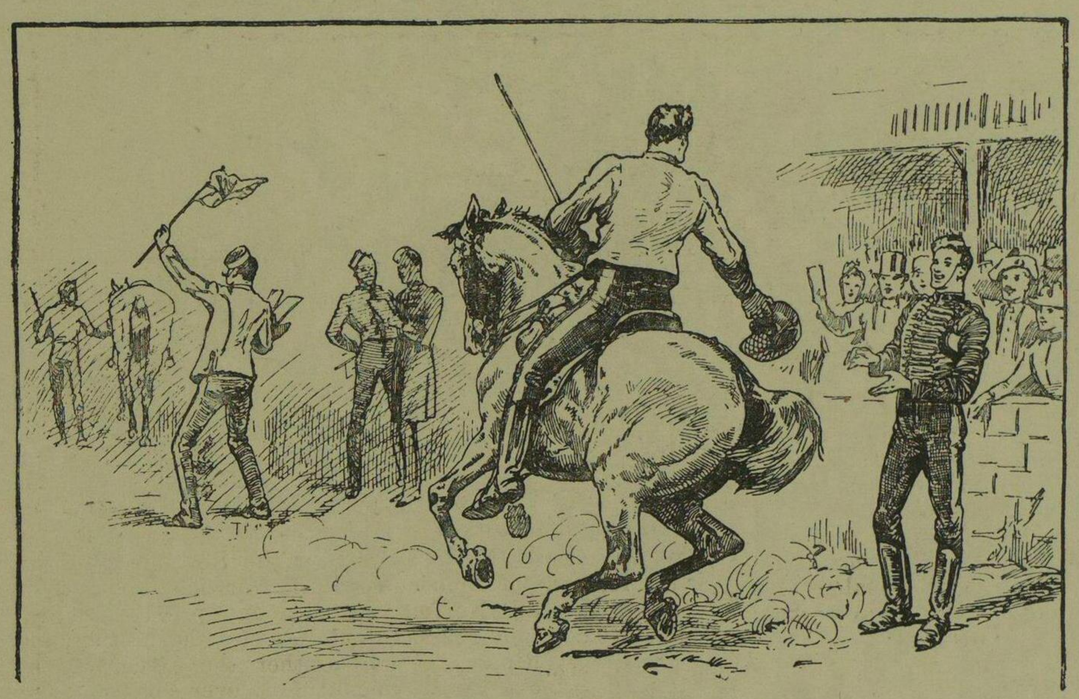

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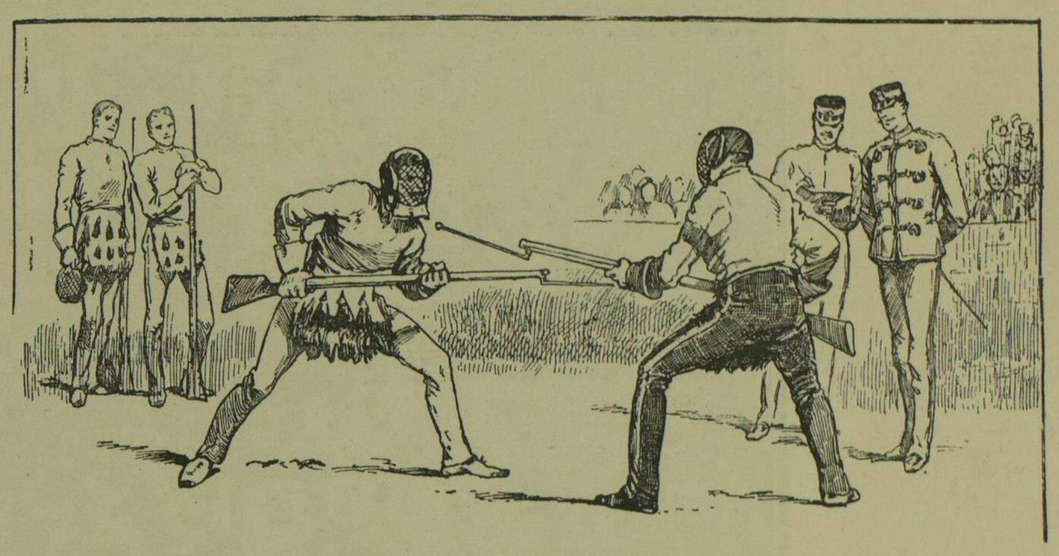

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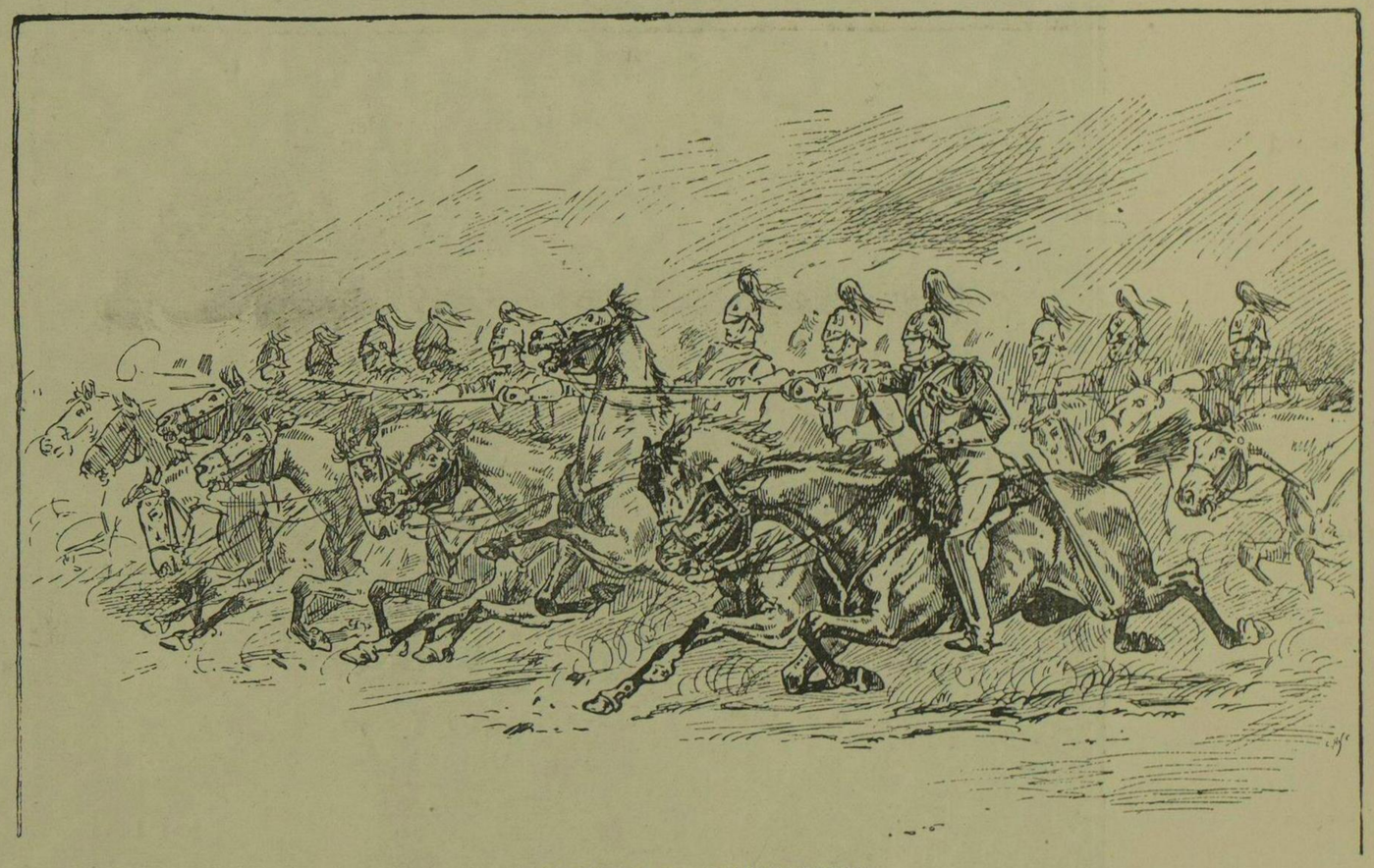
SPECTATORS.



CHARGE OF 1ST LIFE GUARDS.

SKETCHES AT THE ROYAL MILITARY TOURNAMENT, AGRICULTURAL HALL, ISLINGTON.

The eleventh annual Military Tournament at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, was opened by her Royal Highness the Duchess of Albany on Wednesday, June 18, the anniversary of the battle of Waterloo, and was continued daily to June 28. The veteran Earl of Albemarle, who carried the colours of the 14th Regiment at the battle of Waterloo, and who is in his ninety-first year, was one of the spectators on the first day, when some feats of skill, including the decapitation of sham heads mounted on poles, struck off by the swords of mounted soldiers at full gallop around the arena, lemon-cutting, tilting at the ring, and tent-pegging, were performed by non-commissioned officers and men of different regiments. There was also a combined movement of cavalry, infantry, mounted infantry, machine-guns, artillery, and engineers. In the musical ride of the 1st Life Guards, the regimental trumpeter, Thomas Callaghan, sounded the call on the identical bugle used at the memorable charge at Waterloo. The boys of the Duke of York's School, Chelsea, went through various evolutions, and performed the ceremony of "trooping the colour," followed by the musical dumb-bell drill by boys of the Royal Hospital School, Greenwich. The pupils of the Gordon Boys' Home, the Soldiers' Daughters' Home, the Guards' Home, the Royal Military Asylum, and the Royal Caledonian Asylum were present, and many old pensioners of Chelsea Hospital.

On the next day some clever operations were carried out by the 2nd Kent Artillery Volunteers, and the hard work of artillery was illustrated by a detachment from the Shoeburyness School of Gunnery, who demonstrated what "repository drill" meant. The musical ride by the Lothian and Berwickshire Yeomanry, the fine display by the 1st Life Guards, the musical dumb-bell drill by the Aldershot gymnastic staff, and their gymnastic display afforded the greatest delight to the audience; and each performance closed with a scenic display, in which all arms took part. In the artillery drives it should be noted that, for the first time, Volunteer teams took their places equally with the Royals, and acquitted themselves exceedingly well.

The fifty-third annual conference of the Yorkshire Union of Institutes was opened at the Mechanics' Institute, Scarborough, on June 18. The vice-president (Mr. Thomas Dawson, Leeds) occupied the chair, and there was a full attendance of delegates. The chairman, in opening the proceedings, first referred in feeling terms to the death of the late president (Sir Edward Baines), and congratulated the union on having secured in the Marquis of Ripon a successor who was in full sympathy with the union. The union continued to make progress. There was an increase since last year of the number of institutions. The examinations gave much satisfaction in the villages, where they had planted centres for the purpose of these examinations, without which many would be deprived of the privileges enjoyed in towns. Referring to the Yorkshire village library, the chairman said that at its commencement in 1852 an amount was collected to purchase two hundred books. The career of this travelling library had not been one of uninterrupted success, but new life had been infused into it, and the number of books now in the library was upwards of 30,000 vols. The admission of twenty new institutes since the last annual meeting was confirmed. Papers were read on subjects connected with the objects of the union, and the delegates adjourned. A public dinner followed, at the Grand Hotel.

The Queen has sent £50 towards the restoration of Green's Norton church, near Towcester, and the Duke of Grafton has promised £300.

The challenge cup given to the Surrey Volunteer Defence Brigade by Brigadier-General Hamilton and Captain Hart-Davis, his Brigade Major, has been won by the 2nd West Surrey Battalion, belonging to Reigate and its neighbourhood.

The Council of the Yorkshire College, Leeds, have decided to establish a chair of agriculture conditionally upon obtaining an adequate sum for its endowment, and a deputation has been appointed to wait upon Mr. Chaplin, the Minister of Agriculture, to ask for a grant in aid.

In the House of Lords the appeal in "Eno v. Dunn" was taken. Mr. Eno, registered owner of the trade mark "Eno's Fruit Salt," had proceeded against Mr. Dunn, who was selling "Dunn's Fruit Salt Baking Powder," before Mr. Justice Kay, who granted an injunction, holding that the words "Fruit Salt" were calculated to deceive. The Court of Appeal had reversed this decision, and the House of Lords by a majority reversed the judgment of the Court of Appeal, restoring that of Mr. Justice Kay, with costs to the appellant.

THE MILITARY TOURNAMENT: No. 10 MOUNTAIN BATTERY PASSING OVER A SPAR-BRIDGE CROSSING A BREAK IN A MOUNTAIN PASS.

IN HAY-TIME.

Two elder-bushes stand at the entering in of the field, one on each side of the gateway : each is a mass of creamy blossom, and sends forth a rich, welcoming fragance to all who go that way. These bushes are the portals of the meadow; the gate has succumbed to the exigencies of hay-harvest ; its rickety old frame being no longer able to endure the strain of frequent openings and shuttings, it has been dragged bodily asunder from the rusty hinges, and lies prone in the ditch. Tall brown grasses wave between its bars, and little snails sit upon it ; it has already acquired a settled and reposeful air, as though it had always been thus. The field hedge, as far along as one can see, resolves itself into a lovely confusion of pink and white. Of course, there is green in abundance, but the whole impression left upon the eye is that of pink and white. Endless elder-boughs, innumerable sprays of wild celery and hedge-parsley, pink roses, white roses, foxgloves, pink ragged robins, white guelder-rose, lingering late, pink-and-white catchflies, pink herb-roberts, various little white nonentities of the chickweed and camomile classes, pink bindweeds and white ones, and a score of other wildlings : these are all knitted and welded together with warp and woof of maple, hawthorn, ivy ; hardly any wind can penetrate through so dense a wall of foliage. Huge nettles and huger ferns stand up boldly out of the ditch, where the thick grass hangs over with its own weight, and falls heavily hither and thither in lush tufts and tussocks.

The sky is grey with heat rather than clouds ; there are grey-blue lights and shades in all the rich June foliage ; the sunlight is present, dimly diffused, but it does not struggle through in actual brightness. The field is a warm brown grey, full of shimmering gold-grey lustres where the long grasses stoop under the wind, ruddy with crimson sorrel heads and clover, constellated with buttercups and moon-daisies, which nod softly all together in blissful ignorance of impending fate. Even now, between the elder-bush portals, the tide of doom rolls their way. The mowers pass in, broad-hatted, brown-armed, scythe in hand, each man begirt with a hone-belt. The procession files along the hedgeside, falls into picturesque grouping in the farthest corner of the field, and the scythe-sharpening begins. *Hink, chink, hank!* It is a pleasant sound, full of midsummer associations. Two or three children, half curious, half timorous, steal in quietly and lean up against the hedges, watching with wide eyes. Then comes the scythe-sound, keen and sibilant—*hush-sh! hush-sh!* as one after another the mowers, in rhythmic sequence, with bodies curved responsive to the curving sweep of the scythes, pass slowly round in an ever-narrowing circuit, and the bright blades gleam among the toppling treasures of the field. The swallows fly low, flashing across the green ridges of mown grass ; white butterflies poise on the daisy-tips ; a cool, fresh sweetness of clover comes through the wild roses in the hedge. The peculiar, delicious flavour of this pure and wholesome scent is the very breath of all sweet pastoral life, of rustic idyls and country joys ; one's whole heart expands to meet it ; it is bound up with the very identity of the summer—redolent of the "freshness of the early world." Far away the cuckoo calls in a faint, cheerful voice, and the purring of doves sounds from the woody hillside. Larks are still audible in heaven, and sparrows on earth ; and here and there a round, desultory, liquid utterance descends from some blackbird among the hedge-boughs ; but the rest is silence—the deep silence which is at the heart of content. The birds have now no more passionate love-songs, mating time is over ; no more ditties of faith and hope to while away the sitting-time for the patient hen-birds ; no more concluding rapturous outbursts in the dawn of May mornings. The callow young are fledged now, there is no need for parental anxiety; and the world is so full of a number of things that there is no occasion to do anything but be quiet and enjoy them. This complete, satiate knowledge of the fulness of life is the great charm of June. Everything is at its superb utmost of beauty and light and warmth ; every leaf, bud, blade has fulfilled the promise of its youth : the force of Nature can no further go. To think of so much loveliness, existent all at once, is overpowering — overwhelming ! To lie among the hay-swathes, with their scent of lavender and vanilla and tea-roses, and to contemplate the fact that the whole country is one vast succession of like meadows with their ineffable delight—rose-bush reiterating rose-bush, honeysuckle redoubling honeysuckle, elder and foxglove and buttercup echoing each other in an infinite recapitulation down unnumbered leagues of English hedgerow ! The wealth of the unmown meadows, green and brown and clover-red ; the rippled plenitude of ryegrass and vetches ; the sleek, flawless green of the cornfields, tossed with swayings of dappled light and heavings of dimpled shadow, as the slim stalks bend leeward : these are matters which one takes perforce as matters of course, because one can never truly realise their glory and magnitude, any more than one can attain to cognisance of all the brooks bedecked with yellow iris, willow-herb, and loose-strife, the brown ponds white with water-lilies, the lengthening purple grasses on every bank, the tender blue shadows of the hillsides, the wood verdure in its consummation of leaf and colour. These things, taken altogether in an inexhaustible total, and never absolutely realised individually, make up the sum of the summer.

In the hedgerow shadow there is a happy stillness ; only the breeze soughs in the oak-boughs like the sound of the sea, with swellings and decreasings, waxings and wanings of soft whisper : you can imagine you hear the waves advancing and retreating along a sandy shore. The moon-coloured pinnacles of meadow-sweet wave in the field corner ; the wound-wort grows there, with its pungent odour and little silver-embroidered purple pouches ; the honeysuckle flings its ambrosial trails over brambly wildernesses pink with bloom, and the prim white yarrow-heads stand up stiffly, and the rosy bindweeds emit shy, delicate odours. Almost every midsummer flower has a well-defined scent of its own ; no two are alike. These blended fragrances make the common air a luxury to breathe. Young partridges, very tame, stroll and straggle about in the ditch ; rabbits stand and gaze, with fore paws a-droop ; field-mice make hasty exits from their homes, whose cloud-capped towers and gorgeous sorrel-palaces are vanishing fast before the ruthless mowers. The scythes sigh and swish among the juicy grasses, the children play upon the prostrate swathes ; brown bees, with fuss and fume, bounce in and out of the foxglove bells ; yellow spires of agrimony and avens light the dusky hollows under the hazel and willow branches. With closed eyes and outstretched limbs one abandons oneself to the sense of utter enjoyment. The present is more than sufficient. It is midsummer, and haytime, and a hayfield : that is all we know, and all we care to know. M. C. G.

The second conversazione held this year by the Royal Society took place at Burlington House, on June 18, when the society's spacious suite of apartments was thronged by a large and brilliant gathering. The reception of the guests, some 700 or 800 in number, was conducted by the president, Sir Gabriel Stokes, M.P.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

STARFISHES.

"As there are stars in the sky, so there are stars in the sea," remarks an old writer, whose knowledge of things in general, if not very specific, was, at least, of a fairly wide nature. The remark occurred to my mind this morning when, during a stroll along the sea-beach, I came upon a familiar "fipe-ray" lying in a truly helpless condition on the sand. There is nothing more helpless-looking in nature, I should say, than a starfish cast up on the sandy beach by the unkind waves. Placed among rocks or near seaweed-clad pools, our sea-star is quite at home. Even if, like a helpless and floored turtle, he has been turned over on his back, he will contrive to right himself, and escape to his watery abode, or move with his slow and stately walk over the rocks. But he seems to feel that the sand is a disagreeable and shifty form of surrounding, and he makes little or no effort to bestir himself, but lies flaccid and limp until, perchance, the returning tide sweeps him off into the welcome depths. My sea-star of this morning is lying face uppermost in the sun, and, if he could pant as does the higher animal, I have no doubt he would indicate his resentment in that familiar fashion. As it is, you can see the tube-feet, which exist in dozens in the grooves which run along his rays or arms, moving backwards and forwards here and there, as if in protest at the treatment to which their owner is being subjected. Truly, an unkind fate has taken the star from its watery firmament and stranded it at our feet, which shows, in truth, that accidents and emergencies befall humble beings as well as creatures of high estate. There is some consolation, I think, even for mankind, in the spectacle of untoward events troubling what mind even a starfish may be regarded as legitimately possessing.

Protruding from the starfish mouth, which exists in the very centre of its under-surface, we see a clear jelly-like mass. This is part and parcel of the stomach, which extends into the rays of the animal. It may be that our star is taking this rather inelegant mode of showing its disgust at the contretemps which has beset it this morning ; but, all the same, this protrusion of the stomach may be the result of a habit of the animal. If you were to ask any of the fishermen—who, as becomes the ways of nautical persons, are promenading up and down in a kind of set groove on the pier, and exchanging monosyllabic ideas with their neighbours between their frequent glances seawards—what the starfish does with its stomach, you would be provided with a speedy reply. They would tell you that the sea-stars are enemies of the oyster-beds, and may add that they kill more oysters than mankind consumes. Hence, whenever a starfish is found in the dredge, it is ruthlessly torn in pieces and flung overboard as a just recompense for its predatory habits. How far the fishermen's views of starfish guilt are justified I scarcely know ; but I should say their opinions are not without warrant. You may often pick up a starfish on the beach which has its arms coiled up until it has come to resemble a living ball, like its neighbour the sea-urchin. Disentangling the starfish and its arms, you find it has been embracing a whelk, and, as you liberate the shell-fish from the grasp of the star, you draw forth from the shell the stomach of the starfish. It has been slowly sucking out of the shell the substance of its living tenant, and that it preys upon its molluscan neighbours is, therefore, matter of certainty. Whether it can attack the oyster is, however, quite a different matter. That mollusc is as secure within its shell as a baron of old in his fortified citadel. By closing its shell, it can certainly intrench itself in a fashion which no starfish can readily break through. Yet oysters have to open their shells in time in order to breathe by inhaling the water ; so that it may be, our starfish, clasping its oyster, bides its time, and when the shell is opened attacks the mollusc. There are difficulties, however, in the way of accepting the fishermen's belief, for the eviction of an oyster from its shell by a starfish would on the best showing be a very long and laborious matter. One belief of naturalists is that the starfish poisons the oyster by inserting from its stomach, between the valves of the shell, some poisonous secretion, which compels the mollusc to capitulate and surrender. Anyhow, the belief is a curious one, and one may not be surprised if on this occasion the fishermen's ideas are regarded with greater favour than science usually accords to the folklore of the dwellers by the sea.

Drop the starfish into this pool and watch its movements. You have seen the hundreds of little tube-feet, each ending in a sucker, which the grooves on the under side of the rays contain. You observe that it soon begins to crawl over the patch of rock on which it has been dropped. Turn it over on its back in the water, and observe how the feet move and wriggle. Let us watch how the capsized animal rights itself. Slowly but deliberately you see it twists over the tip of two of its rays, until the tube-feet have become attached to the rock. This is to give it a fulcrum or *point d'appui*, from which to lever itself back to a respectable position. The tips of these rays are firmly fixed to the rock, and in turn the under parts of the two rays are brought by the successive attachment of their feet in contact with the rock-surface. Acting as levers, the rays, which, as we have seen, are each moment increasing their surface of attachment to the rock, are finally fully fixed thereto ; the body and other rays are twisted or swept over, and the star finds itself finally in its natural position mouth downwards.

These tube-feet are unique as regards the starfish class. You may note on the upper surface of the star, at the angle formed by the junction of two of the rays with the body, a round plate. This is the "madreporiform plate," and, like the lid of a pepperbox, it is perforated with holes. It acts as a strainer, and keeps solid matters from getting into the tube to which it serves as an entrance. This tube leads downwards to another and circular tube, inside the starfish body and surrounding its mouth. From this circular tube pass five other tubes, one for each ray. Now, if we dissected our starfish you would find that the tube-feet are given off from the tube of each ray or arm, and each tube-foot has at its attached end, or base, a little bag or sac. The whole apparatus I have described is one whereby, through the admission of water to the system of tubes, the tube-feet can be distended or the reverse, and the movements of the animal duly provided for. If the starfish wishes to walk, water is sent from the little sacs at the bases of the feet into the tubes. These are thus rendered tense. Their suckers are applied to the rock-surface, with the result that part of the water is forced back into the sacs, the sucker is left firmly adherent by the pressure of the sea-water outside. Then, by forcing the water from the sac into the tube-feet, the suckers are set free, and, by this alternate contraction and expansion of the tube-feet, the adhesion of these organs or their freedom is secured. Space does not permit that, at present, I should say anything about the nerves and other belongings of the sea-star. It is a "steady and stolidy" animal, no doubt, but it has its own share of "the mind universal" after all. Meanwhile, we shall leave it in its pool. A humane action in restoring the star to its native waters has perchance brought its reward in suggesting the thought that in even mean creatures there are ways and works wellnigh past finding out. ANDREW WILSON.

OBITUARY.

MR. GODFREY SINCLAIR.

Mr. Godfrey Sinclair, one of the remarkable family of the late Right Hon. Sir John Sinclair, Bart., of Ulbster, died in Edinburgh on June 15, in his seventy-ninth year. Sir John Sinclair had no less than thirteen children by his second wife, Diana, daughter of the first Lord Macdonald. Julia Countess of Glasgow and Miss Catherine Sinclair, the authoress, are well remembered among the daughters. Of the sons, the eldest, Sir George Sinclair, was a brilliant scholar and speaker ; and the second, Alexander Sinclair, a most learned antiquary and genealogist. The gentleman whose death we record was the youngest son.

THE REV. JOHN EYRE YONGE, M.A.

The Rev. John Eyre Yonge, M.A., Rector of Hampstead-cum-Lessingham, Norfolk, and formerly Assistant Master at Eton College, died on June 11, aged seventy-two. He was second son of the Rev. Charles Yonge, master at Eton, a scion of the old Devon family of Yonge of Puslinch. He married, in 1844, Hon. Catherine Charlotte Lysaght, daughter of the fourth Lord Lisle, and leaves issue. This accomplished scholar was educated on the foundation at Eton, and was thence elected to a fellowship at King's College, Cambridge. His death will cause regret to many old Etonians and Cambridge men.

GENERAL WARDEN.

General Robert Warden, C.B., late 19th Regiment, died on June 15, aged sixty-eight. He was son of Mr. Robert Warden, of Park Hill, in the county of Stirling, and, entering the Army in 1841, had an honourable military career. He was Major in the Crimean War, and gained medal with three clasps, the Legion of Honour, the Fifth Class of the Medjidieh, and the Sardinian and Turkish medals. He was three times wounded, and had the Companionship of the Bath conferred on him in 1867. He married, in 1874, Martha Anne, daughter of Mr. Thomas Atkinson.

We have also to record the deaths of—

General James Knox Spence (retired list Bengal Army) on June 14, in his eighty-first year.

The Rev. Henry Cheales, of Hagworthingham, Lincolnshire, on June 18, at his residence, Bournemouth, in his ninety-fourth year.

Major-General Samuel Tryon, third son of Mr. Thomas Tryon of Bulwick Park, Northamptonshire, on June 17, aged eighty-four. He entered the Army in 1823, and served at Gibraltar, in Portugal, and in British North America. He married a daughter of Sir John Harvey, K.C.B., and had issue.

Major George Ormonde Stoney, King's Own Borderers, only surviving son of Major-General George Butler Stoney, on June 13, at Sülingen, Würtemberg, while on sick leave, from disease contracted in the Chin-Lushai Expedition. He was a scion of the family of Stoney, of county Tipperary.

Mr. Arthur Alexander, one of the claimants to the dormant Earldom of Stirling, second son of the late Mr. John Alexander of Maryville, county Galway, and uncle to Sir Joshua Peter Bell, K.C.M.G., Acting Governor and President of the Legislative Council of Queensland, on June 2.

Mrs. Barne (Mary Anne), widow of Captain Frederick Barne, M.P., of Sotterley and Dunwich, Suffolk, and eldest daughter of Sir John Courtenay Honywood, fifth Baronet, of Evington, on June 18, in her eighty-second year. She was married in 1834, and had issue, of which the eldest son, Col. Frederick St. John Newdigate Barne, was late M.P. for East Suffolk.

Mr. Robert Henry Soden-Smith, M.A., F.S.A., for many years Keeper of the National Art Library, South Kensington Museum, aged sixty-eight. This learned and accomplished antiquary was only son of the late Captain Robert Smith, in early life a distinguished Peninsular officer, and later, for a long period, the Registrar of the office of Ulster King of Arms, Dublin Castle.

THE PILGRIMAGE OF THE EMPEROR OF CHINA TO THE TOMBS OF HIS FAMILY.

Papers received from China by a recent mail describe the visit of the Emperor to what are known as the Eastern Tombs of his family. The Imperial party consisted of the Empress Dowager, the Emperor and Empress, and four Imperial concubines. They left the palace before sunrise, on April 4, the Empress Dowager being about a mile in advance of the Emperor and his wives. Three special "travelling palaces," or resting-places, were erected at equal distances along the route. The Emperor had a chair or palanquin, a cart, and a horse, to vary his mode of travel. He is described as a handsome young man, with a pale and very intelligent face, while the Empress Dowager's features are said to betoken great force of character. Everything was irreproachably fresh, a somewhat unusual feature of Oriental processions. The chairs, carts, accoutrements, and uniforms of the troops were all new. The number of persons in the cortège was more than 10,000. On the fourth day the tombs were reached, and the Imperial party stopped at a Lama temple. Next day sacrifices were offered to the Imperial ancestors, and the ceremony of repairing the graves by formally placing a handful of earth in each tumulus was performed. The return journey began on the following day. The people, contrary to the usual custom, were allowed to come out and see the Emperor, and many of them availed themselves of the opportunity to present petitions. The Emperor seems to have treated the people with quite unusual affability, and to have conversed with some old men whom he saw in the crowd. On her return the young Empress performed her first State function. Accompanied by some ladies of the Court, she revived the old custom of worshipping at the temple of the goddess of sericulture. One feature of the ceremony is the picking of mulberry-leaves, trees being planted for the purpose in the temple grounds.

The Board of Directors of the London Missionary Society have elected Mr. W. A. Gard as chairman, and the Rev. Justin Evans as deputy chairman, for the year.

The annual meeting of the Royal Agricultural Benevolent Institution was held at the Criterion Restaurant, the Earl of Northbrook presiding. The annual report stated that at the present time the annual income amounts to £19,864, a reserve fund of £34,185 has been set aside, and the number of members is over 16,000. There are on the book 675 pensioners, costing £14,226 per annum, and 105 persons are to be added to the list.

Lord Brassey presided at a meeting held at Lady Brownlow's residence on June 18 in support of the Oxford House scheme in East London. Representatives from Oxford University have for some years been carrying on a religious and educational work in Whitechapel and Bethnal-green, and it is now desired to secure a permanent building with a working-men's club. A resolution, moved by Lord Cranbrook and seconded by the Bishop of Bedford, was passed in furtherance of the object. The total cost, including club premises, will be £12,000, for which those interested in the work now made an earnest appeal. Subscriptions were announced amounting to nearly £3500, including £1000 from Lord Brassey.

NEW BOOKS.

The Gentle Art of Making Enemies. By J. M'Neill Whistler. (London: William Heinemann.)—Friends have been divided into three classes—those whom we love, those to whom we are indifferent, and those whom we dislike. Judging from the contents of the daintily printed volume before us, Mr. Whistler must have carefully restricted his choice in life, and have anticipated, with keen relish, the day when he could treat his friends to "a taste of his quality." By turns the majority of his so-called friends have had to submit to the outburst of Mr. Whistler's ire, and it is apparently because they are so little affected by his lightning that this modern Jupiter, astride on an American eagle, thinks it incumbent upon him to hurl again these second-hand thunderbolts. In point of fact, this volume, to which many had looked forward with a certain pleasurable excitement, hoping to find themselves or their friends scarified afresh, is merely a *réchauffé* of Mr. Whistler's quarrels with various persons who have come across his path. The incidents of each successive rupture were trumpeted forth at the time, and Mr. Whistler's witty commentaries and scathing jests were read with amusement; but, served up in the serious form of a quarto volume, they are a trifle vapid, and not a little tedious. The gem of the whole volume perhaps is that which refers to the least known of Mr. Whistler's "quarrels" with the editor of the *Gazette des Beaux Arts*, a French magazine which affects to deal out Rhadamantine justice upon art and artists. Alas for French criticism! the editor of the gazette threw up his hands in dismay at being asked to pay for an etching intended to illustrate an article on Mr. Whistler's work—"Il n'est pas dans les habitudes de la maison," he writes, "de payer les planches d'artistes qui accompagnent un compte-rendu de leur œuvre." Mr. Whistler's reply is in his best and most incisive style, "Je regrette infiniment que mes moyens ne me permettent pas de naître dans votre journal. L'article que vous me proposez, comme berceau, me coûterait trop cher."

In the somewhat prolonged squabble with a brother eccentric, and a quondam henchman, the duel is not equal. Mr. Whistler handles a sharp rapier, with which he pricks his antagonist, who blindly beats the air with his cumbersome shillelagh, in the use of which he is not quite an adept. But all these quarrels, amusing as they may have been at the time they were played out before the public, have, after a lapse of years or months, as the case may be, lost their flavour, and recall the "twice-cooked cabbage." Mr. Whistler should remember, too, the maxim of La Rochefoucauld, "On ne plait pas longtemps, quand on n'a qu'une sorte d'esprit," and in his encounters with Mr. Ruskin or Mr. Quilter, with the Painter-Etchers or the British Artists, it is always the same tone of truculent *persiflage* which prevails, and even suggests a certain poverty of wit, because of its limited style.

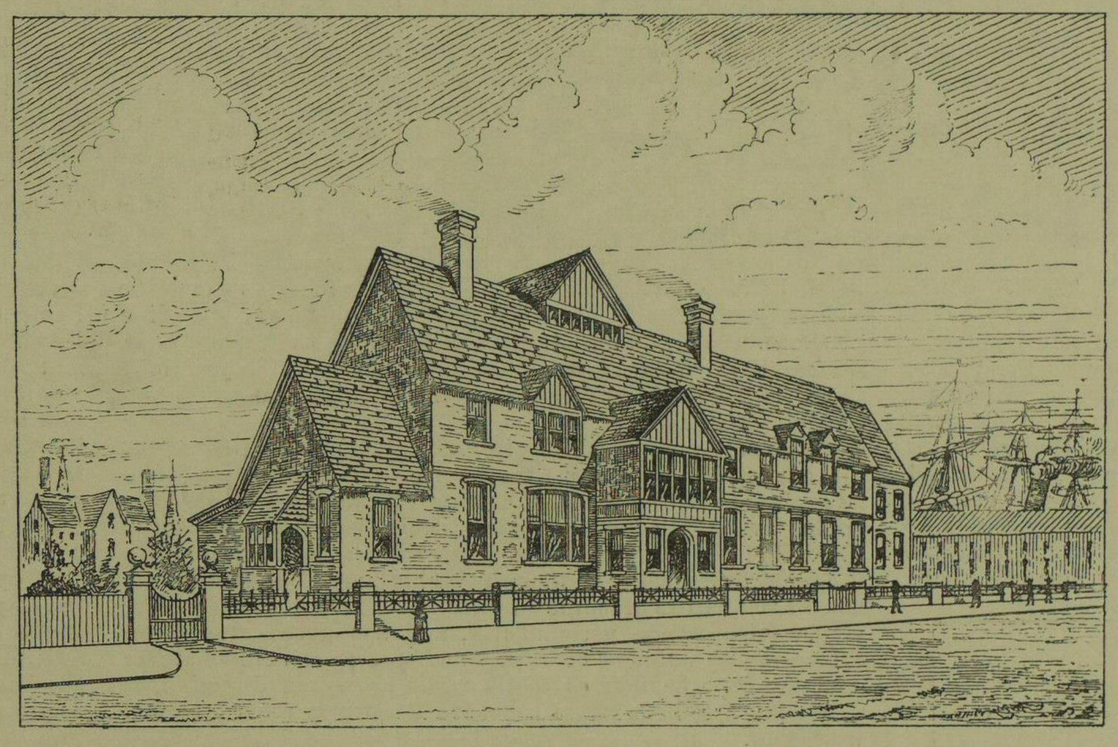
The publication, too, of the well-known lecture "Ten o'Clock" is a disappointment. As delivered by Mr. Whistler, with that air of real or affected nonchalance which he can assume at will, his hearers were left in doubt whether he was not all the while speaking with his tongue in his cheek. The appearance of the lecture in its present form leaves no room for supposing that Mr. Whistler wishes it to be taken seriously, and as his contribution towards forming a standard both of taste and criticism. We very much doubt if, even by a small group of eccentrics, it will be so received. Paradox and platitude jostle each other in every page, and the result is as far removed from the ideal of Greek as of Japanese art, between which Mr. Whistler finds, to his own satisfaction, such close analogy. It is pleasant, however, to find anything in art which commends itself to Mr. Whistler's judgment. He suffers, as a rule, from that morbid state of mind which prevents him giving praise to any—especially if living—forgetful that those who, satisfied with none, are often those with whom none are satisfied. It is, however, on art-criticism that Mr. Whistler expends many of his most carefully sharpened arrows, imagining, if not actually hoping, that some may rankle in the wounds they ought to make. He seems delightfully oblivious to the fact that often criticism is a profession, and not a science, in which aptitude, steady work, and a skilful hand hold almost as important a place as special training or even brilliant wit.

In conclusion, we are bound to say that the book, in spite of its smart tone and frequently brilliant interpolated "reflections," is a work, on the author's account, which gives more pain than pleasure. It reveals the unveiled readiness with which he can exercise his "gentle art," and, as we must conclude, an equal facility of replacing "the enemies" he makes. Is it that he rapidly wearies of old friends that Mr. Whistler takes no thought of putting a bridle on his tongue or his pen? or is it for the mere pleasure of changing? It seems to us that the answer has been furnished by a wittier writer than Mr. Whistler—to wit, La Rochefoucauld—who hints the cause of such constant changes to be "the dislike not to be sufficiently admired by those who know us too well, and the hope to be more appreciated by those who are less intimate with us."

The Rajah's Heir. Three vols. (Smith, Elder, and Co.)—The Indian Sepoy Mutiny of 1887, with the massacres, perils, or escapes of hundreds of Englishmen, ladies, and children, the wanderings and hidings of many fugitives from savage cruelty, and the personal fidelity, on the other hand, of some of their native attendants, with the loyalty and hospitality of some chivalrous Rajahs or Princes, abounded with real incidents of the most romantic complexion. A writer who claims to have been in the midst of those amazing conflicts and disasters, as a subaltern officer of the old Company's army, here presents to us an interesting work of fiction, the background of which seems tolerably accurate in historical and topographical details, and in its representation of the ordinary manners and customs of Indian and Anglo-Indian life. But the main subject of this story is highly imaginative, with an infusion of the transcendental or mystical element which does not, however, go beyond the subjective consciousness of the hero and the beliefs of a few persons about him, as an instance of the transmigration of souls. This instance can indeed scarcely be deduced from the Hindoo doctrine, as generally understood; for we remember no mythical precedent to a similar effect, by which the identical spirit of a wise and beneficent ruler, the late Byrajee Pirtha Raj, at his death by assassination, would have passed into the body of his adopted successor, then a young man in England already twenty-one years of age. The consequence is a psychological confusion which rather disturbs the natural development of character in the life of Thomas Gregory, now called to be Rajah of Gumilcund, as he must carry on a dual existence, alternately or simultaneously feeling himself to be the English gentleman, educated at Oxford, who has lived with his mother in a cottage on the banks of the Thames at Surbiton, and the inheritor, by spiritual parentage, of the mental habits and traditions of a noble Asiatic race. What he does not know, for a long while, is that the late Rajah was actually his own father, by his mother's clandestine first marriage in India, which was disavowed and annulled before she wedded the late Captain Gregory; but this accounts for his remarkable likeness to Byrajee Pirtha Raj, and for the enthusiastic rapture with which he is welcomed by the loyal people of Gumilcund. The locality of that well-governed, peaceful, happy little State is among the provinces of the Central India Agency, under the British Protectorate, somewhere between the Jumna and the Nerbudda; while in the description of the city, with its palace and gardens, and of the Rajah's Court, with the trusty old Minister, Chunder Singh, the influential citizens, Hoosanee, the brave and faithful head-servant, and Subdul Khan, who performs wonderful feats of ingenious craft in diverse disguises, there is a general conformity to some Indian characteristics.

In the earlier chapters of the first volume, the scene being then laid in England, in the year preceding the outbreak of the Mutiny in India, another family is introduced, that of General Sir W. Elton and Lady Elton, with their four or five daughters, living close to Mrs. Gregory and her son. One of the most powerful influences affecting the heart of "Tom," before and after his conversion into a wealthy Indian Rajah, is the love that he bears to Grace Elton; and when he goes out to enter upon his rich inheritance, visiting Delhi, Meerut, and Lucknow in a tour of the North-West Provinces and Oude, extending to Nepaul, he again meets the Eltons, as the gallant old General has returned from furlough with his wife and children. Grace, though she loves Tom, has declined the offer of his hand, sharing a scruple of her parents lest they should be thought to have had mercenary motives. These antecedents are complicated by his making innocent acquaintance with several other ladies, one of whom, named Vivien, a Mrs. Doncaster, is fascinating, but false and wicked, a traitress, almost a sorceress, ultimately becoming the "White Ranee," mistress of Dost Ali Khan, a relentless enemy of the English in India. It will readily be understood that the young Rajah of Gumilcund, who has the heart and conscience of a good Englishman, with the sublime aspirations of a devout Brahmin or Buddhist, and has, partly by study, partly by transfusion of intelligence, gained a complete mastery over the native languages, customs, and laws, is able to save some of the fugitives from slaughter and outrage. Sending most of his small army to aid the English in the siege of Delhi and of Lucknow, he devotes himself personally, with Hoosanee and Subdul Khan, and latterly with a valiant Goorkha, Bal Narin, an expert guide in the jungle of the Terai, to search for the distressed ladies and children who were, after the massacres of Meerut, Delhi, Jhansi, and other stations in the North-West and in the Central Provinces, scattered far and wide. Plenty of exciting adventures—not much wilder or stranger, perhaps, than what may actually have taken place—are narrated in these volumes. The sufferings of many of our countrywomen in those parts of India were such as can hardly be exaggerated. We are not aware, however, that there is any foundation in fact for the story of the "White Ranee," said to have been killed in the blowing-up of the fort held by one of the rebel chiefs; or for that of Grace Elton's slaying her ruffianly captor in his drunken sleep, like another Judith, to save herself and the child under her care. It is enough that there was a possibility of these incidents, and the author tells them in a manner to interest his readers. The subsequent gathering of many of the Rajah's friends in the hospitable palace at Gumilcund is saddened only by the illness and lingering death of Grace, leaving him solemnly resolved to carry on his special task of reconciling the English and the Indian nations. But the contents of the secret packet, which his mother had so long kept from him, and the purport of Vishnugupta's mystic teaching, are not revealed.

A Mariage de Convenance. By C. F. Keary (H. Ogram Matuce.) Two vols. (T. Fisher Unwin.)—The old literary method, practised by Richardson and a few other novelists in the last century, of setting forth a story in a long series of private letters confidentially written by the principal characters to their intimate friends, is now seldom used, and it has an air of artificiality less agreeable than direct narrative to the majority of readers at the present day. But in this recent work of fiction, which has strong moral interest of a peculiar kind, the author has avoided epistolary faults of tedious comment and irrelevant anecdote, making every letter of Arthur Norris's or Evelyn Norris's, and the few communications from Richard Purcell, Gladys or Mrs. Yorke, and Connie or Mrs. Baring Ford, to lay needful steps in the practical advance of the plot. The letters of Arthur Norris, whose heinous and gratuitous misconduct, tending to his merited disgrace, ruin, and final suicide, constitutes a tale of tragedy wholly due to himself, are somewhat fuller of autobiographical confessions. He seems an example of that worst kind of egotist, the romantic and sentimental kind, the idle slave of his own humours, caprices, and passions, superficially amiable, sometimes affectionate, but faithless, unprincipled, reckless of the consequence of his actions, insensible to feelings of honour or duty, resenting all fixed obligations, human or divine. Such a character is more dangerous to social happiness than the coarsest brute and ruffian; and the innocent victim of his inconstancy, Evelyn Norris, his remote cousin, the heiress to her uncle's large estate, who is early given in marriage to Arthur because he will inherit the baronetcy, deserves no end of compassion. It might be supposed, from the suggestiveness of its French title, that this story is designed to show the mischief of matrimonial arrangements planned with a view to family interests; but that argument is scarcely proved by the actual conditions of the case. For Sir Philip Norris, the girl's uncle, had no grounds to suspect or distrust the worthiness of Arthur, whom he patronised as a distant relative, finding him a young man of good manners and education, poor in fortune, but holding a respectable post as lecturer on botany at some London College. His previous behaviour, though wild and erratic, was not reputed particularly vicious; his address was modest and engaging, his conversation was sensible, and Evelyn fell deeply in love with him after his accident in the hunting-field. There was evidently sufficient mutual affection, and apparent personal fitness, to redeem this match from the censure of cold-hearted, calculating worldliness implied in a mere "mariage de convenance": Arthur certainly meant to be a good husband when he gained Evelyn for his wife; and she had nothing to blame herself for, except the slight girlish imprudence of having encouraged the addresses of impudent Captain Wragge, a few months before. A maiden with the courage of perfect sincerity would have frankly told her affianced lover all about Captain Wragge, and it was unfortunate that Evelyn kept her reserve on this past affair, which had little real importance. But its discovery, after the marriage, and when Arthur had become tired of his wife, and had taken to running after the German singer, Pauline Pfau, armed the treacherous husband with a weapon of cruelty, which he used in a dastardly way. The character of Evelyn, as girl and woman, is altogether natural, with some weaknesses easily to be forgiven, and her trials as a deserted wife are so nobly borne that every reader must observe them with respectful sympathy. In Arthur's letters to his friend Purcell from the Riviera, from Vienna, and from New York, after he has gone off with Pauline, the progress of that depravity of feeling, and that confusion of the understanding, with the gradually approaching disgust, rage, and despair, which attend the deliberate indulgence of criminal passion, is powerfully shown. Having taken to drinking and gambling, and squandered his money, he is slighted by his mercenary companion, and they have fierce quarrels on account of other men who surround her as a popular opera-singer. This is continued in America, till he shoots a man dead and becomes a distressed fugitive from justice. The scene in London, where he is concealed in Purcell's chambers, while the lawyers are there conferring on his wife's suit for a divorce, is highly interesting, with Evelyn's finding him there, when she gives way to her pity and tenderness, and would take him back after all. This, indeed, ought not to be, and he is helped off to Australia, where, being arrested on the charge of murder, he puts an end to his wretched life. The tragedy of Arthur Norris, of which these fictitious letters supply a complete account, is an ethical study thoughtfully worked out in a distinct imaginative conception, though in a form not so popular as that of the ordinary modern novel.



THE SEAMEN'S HOSPITAL, VICTORIA AND ALBERT DOCKS, OPENED BY THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES.

It has been decided by the National Rifle Association that the ground to be used for the prize meeting at Bisley shall not be unrestrictedly open to the public, as had been anticipated; and orders have been given for a fence to be erected, as at the Wimbledon meetings.

The Board of Trade have awarded a gold medal to Pedro Silva, and silver medals and sums of money to Isidro Gual, Francisco Uscanga, Simon Ramos, Felipe Caharan, and Santiago Ackland, in recognition of their services in rescuing in a shore-boat the survivors of two boats' crews of the British steam-ship Black Prince, which boats capsized on the bar of Coatzocoalcos, Mexico, on Jan. 9 last.

A party of 142 lads from Dr. Barnardo's homes left London on June 19 for Liverpool, where they embarked on board the Circassian for Canada. Fifty of the number are bound for the Industrial Farm in Manitoba, and for the others situations as farm labourers have been secured in different parts of Ontario. The average age of the lads is between fifteen and sixteen.

On June 19 the Lord Chancellor presided at the annual meeting of the Mission to Deep-Sea Fishermen, held in Exeter Hall, and remarked upon the large amount of success which had attended the efforts of the association, now only in its eighth year. They had now a fleet of ten mission-vessels, and the evil agency of the "coopers" had been extinguished.

Municipal buildings are to be erected at Sheffield at a cost of £80,000. The designs were thrown open to competition, and a large number of architects entered. These were eventually reduced to six, who submitted further and more detailed plans. Mr. Waterhouse, R.A., was assessor, and he has reported in favour of the plan of Mr. Mountford, of Buckingham-street, Strand.

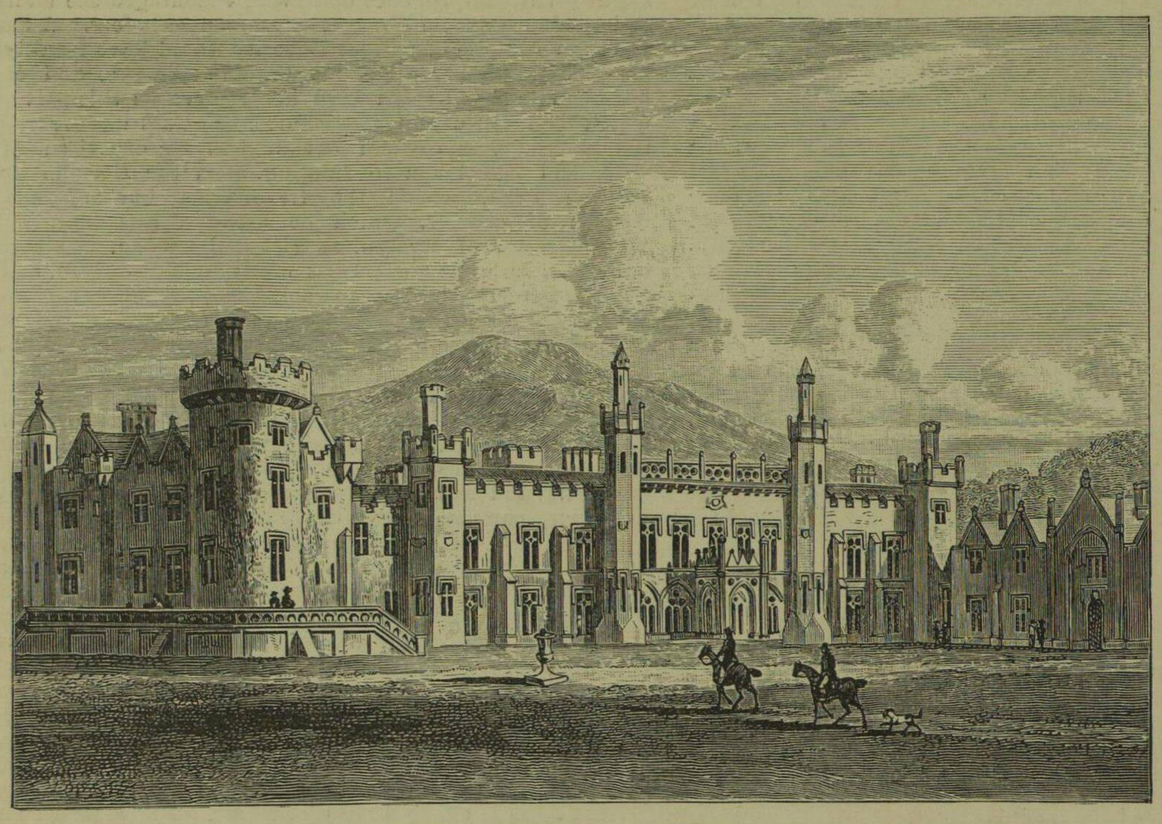
The members of the South-Eastern Circuit entertained Mr. Justice Vaughan Williams at a dinner at the Criterion Restaurant, on June 19, in celebration of his recent elevation to the Bench. Mr. Murphy, Q.C., the leader of the circuit, occupied the chair, and was supported by Lord Bramwell, Mr. Justice Denman, Mr. Justice Mathew, Mr. Justice A. L. Smith, Mr. Justice Day, and Mr. Justice Grantham.

The Council of the Society of Arts have awarded the Albert medal to Mr. W. H. Perkin, Ph.D., F.R.S., "for his discovery of the method of obtaining colouring matter from coal tar, a discovery which led to the establishment of a new and important industry, and to the utilisation of large quantities of a previously worthless material." This medal was struck to reward "distinguished merit for promoting arts, manufactures, and commerce," and it is awarded annually.

The results of the annual prize meeting of the North London Rifle Club are announced as follows: In the A series, first-class shots, Private Burton, of the London Rifle Brigade, won the prize with a score of 98. In series E, second-class shots, Private Bonny, 3rd Middlesex, was first with 97. In the range series, unlimited entries, at the 200-yards range, Sergeant Roberts, West Middlesex; Corporal Carter, 3rd Middlesex Artillery Volunteers; and Sergeant Hope, South Middlesex, won with 35 each. At 500 yards, Sergeant Roberts was again first with a highest possible; and at 600 yards the prize fell to Corporal Leghorn, London Scottish, 33. In the aggregate prizes, Sergeant Roberts was also successful, taking first prize with a total of 101.

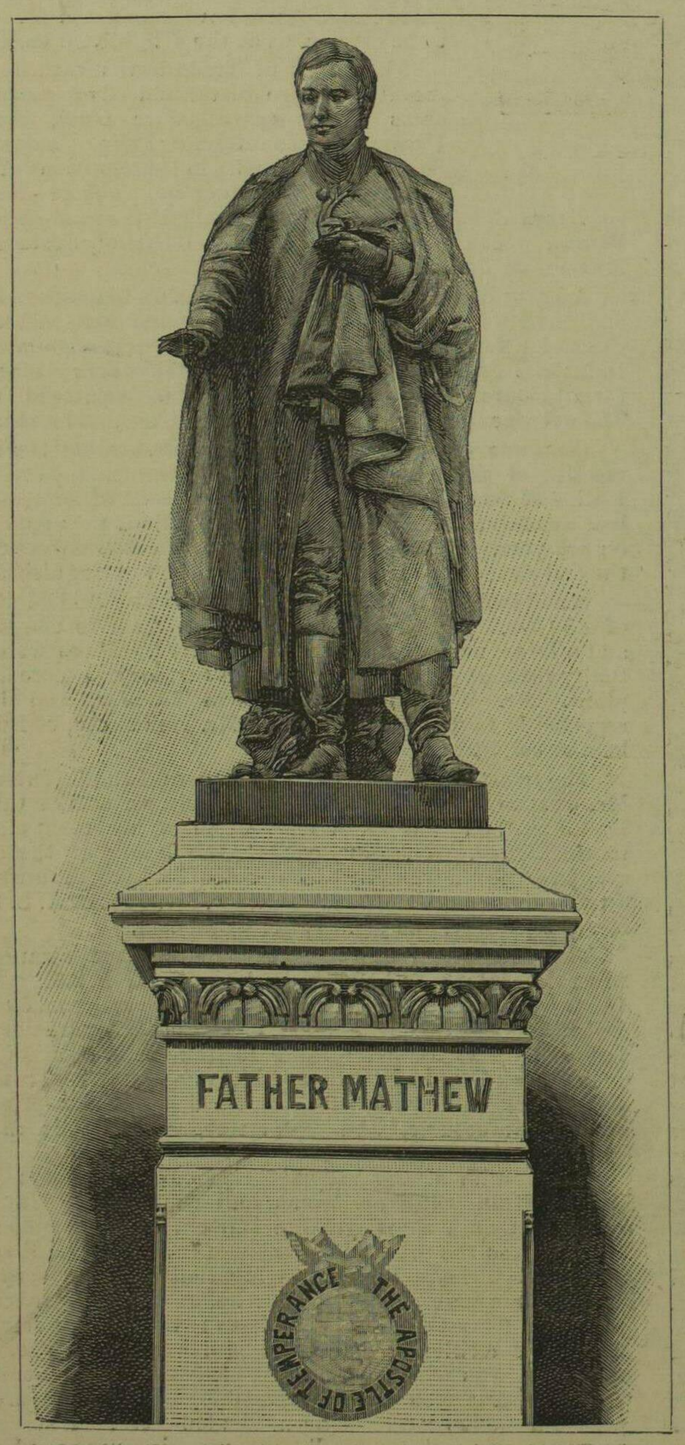
THE FATHER MATHEW CENTENARY.

This year will be celebrated the birth of Theobald Mathew, an Irish priest of the Roman Catholic Church at Cork, the famous "Apostle of Temperance," whose zealous philanthropic efforts, half a century ago, produced vast effects, at least for the time, promising to sanguine and enthusiastic observers the moral regeneration of vast numbers of the Irish people. In fact, the apparent change that came over Ireland between 1838 and 1843 is one of the most wonderful on record. It was literally a case of sudden conversion, and that of a whole nation. At that period, says a parish priest of the time, the vice of intoxication spread all over the land, and brought with it crime, wretchedness, and degradation. It was calculated that dram-drinking killed yearly two thousand persons in Ireland, many in delirium tremens or lunacy. The dens called "shebeen" houses entrapped the unwary victims of a thirst for whisky into all sorts of criminal projects. Special commissions, summary executions, perpetual banishments, filled the country with anguish and terror. In a series of letters describing the state of Ireland in 1831, the writer says that in Dublin alone there were a thousand whisky-shops—one for every ten houses. Irish



THOMASTOWN HOUSE, TIPPERARY, THE BIRTHPLACE OF FATHER MATHEW.

fairs in those days meant saturnalias of drunkenness ending in universal delirium, in which everybody flew at everybody, madly striving to do the utmost damage possible with their shillelaghs. In popular opinion the drunkard was a good fellow, almost a hero. And this view was not that alone of the wretched and ignorant. The well-to-do and the educated held pretty much the same idea, the very ministers of religion supporting it by their example. Here and there, by means of a few voices, the national conscience feebly protested against this abomination of desolation, but its cries were drowned in ridicule.



FATHER MATHEW'S STATUE AT CORK.
BY J. H. FOLEY, R.A.

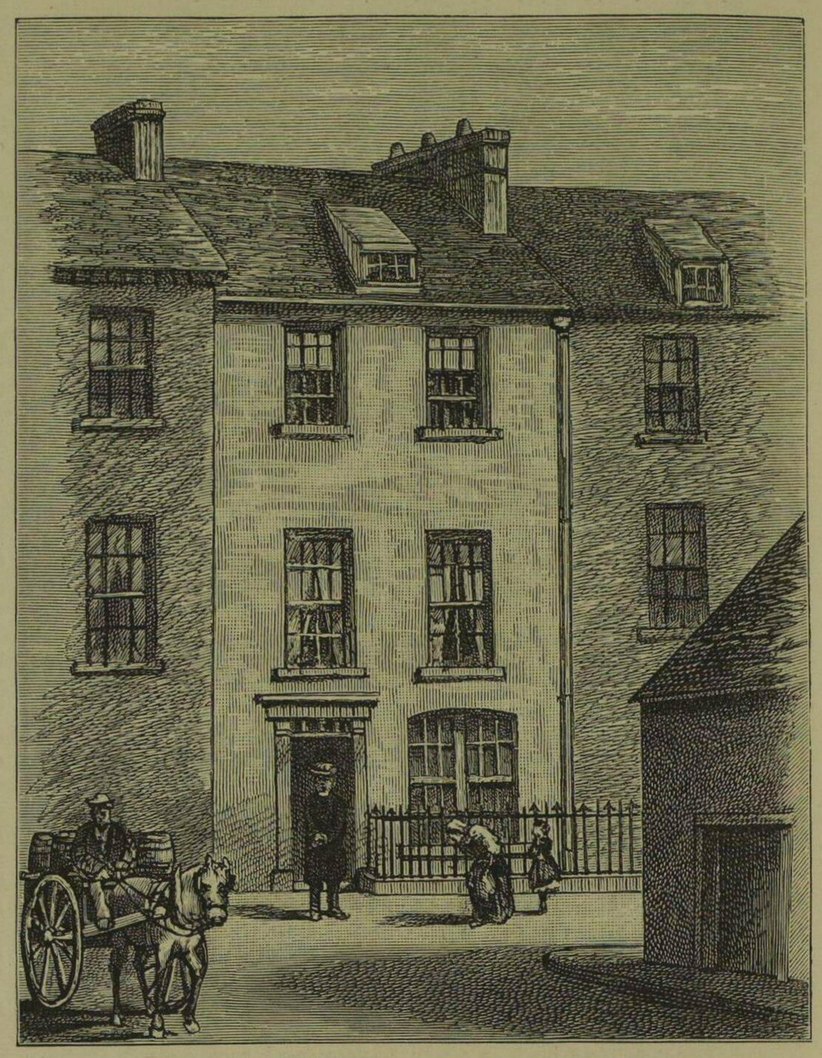
At last Providence sent a man who seemed made to touch the heart of Ireland. Theobald Mathew appealed to the Irish people, and his word pierced its soul; floods of penitence poured forth. Ireland turned completely round, and in two or three years was more completely delivered from its bondage to drink than its sister nations—England and Scotland.

The criminal statistics are a witness to the thoroughness of the change. In 1839 there were 12,040 committals in Ireland; in 1845 the number had sunk to 7101. In 1838 there were 725 cases of robbery; in 1841 there were only 257. In 1839, 66 persons were sentenced to death; by 1845 the number fell to 13. At the assizes in 1844 at Cork, the fountainhead of the temperance movement, only one prisoner was in custody for trial, and in the following year there was only one prisoner on the Calendar. As early as 1842 the Judges presiding at the assizes of Down, of Meath, and of Cork commented on the peaceful state of the country, and attributed it to the temperance movement.

The popular sentiment was so completely won that it not only affected almost every individual, but began to extirpate the source of the disease itself. In 1842 licenses in public-houses had decreased throughout Ireland by 797,677. Many publicans voluntarily gave up their businesses, and among them a great number of hotel-proprietors. Mr. James Grant, once well known as the editor of the *Morning Advertiser*, in his graphic book "Ireland and the Irish" (1844) declares that he found drunkenness regarded as a crime of the deepest dye, so that the peasantry would as soon associate with a murderer as with a man known to get drunk. He also gives examples of the same spirit in the luggage porters at the coach offices and the waiters in hotels. He remarks on the extraordinary decline in the number of public-houses, mentioning that whereas in the small town of Listowel there were 33 in 1839, in 1844 there were only 6. During the year 1840, 237 public-houses were closed in Dublin.

The man who was chiefly instrumental in bringing about this change took perhaps a roseate view of the situation when he declared that he saw indications of talent of every kind arising among the young people of Ireland, and prophesied the future happiness and material prosperity of the country. Still, it cannot be denied that, though this high moral pressure could not, in the nature of things, be expected to last, it raised the whole Irish nation permanently, and has given rise to an extraordinary outcome of talent and energy, which, whatever opinions may be held as to its right or wrong direction, is in itself an indispensable requisite to progress and national wellbeing.

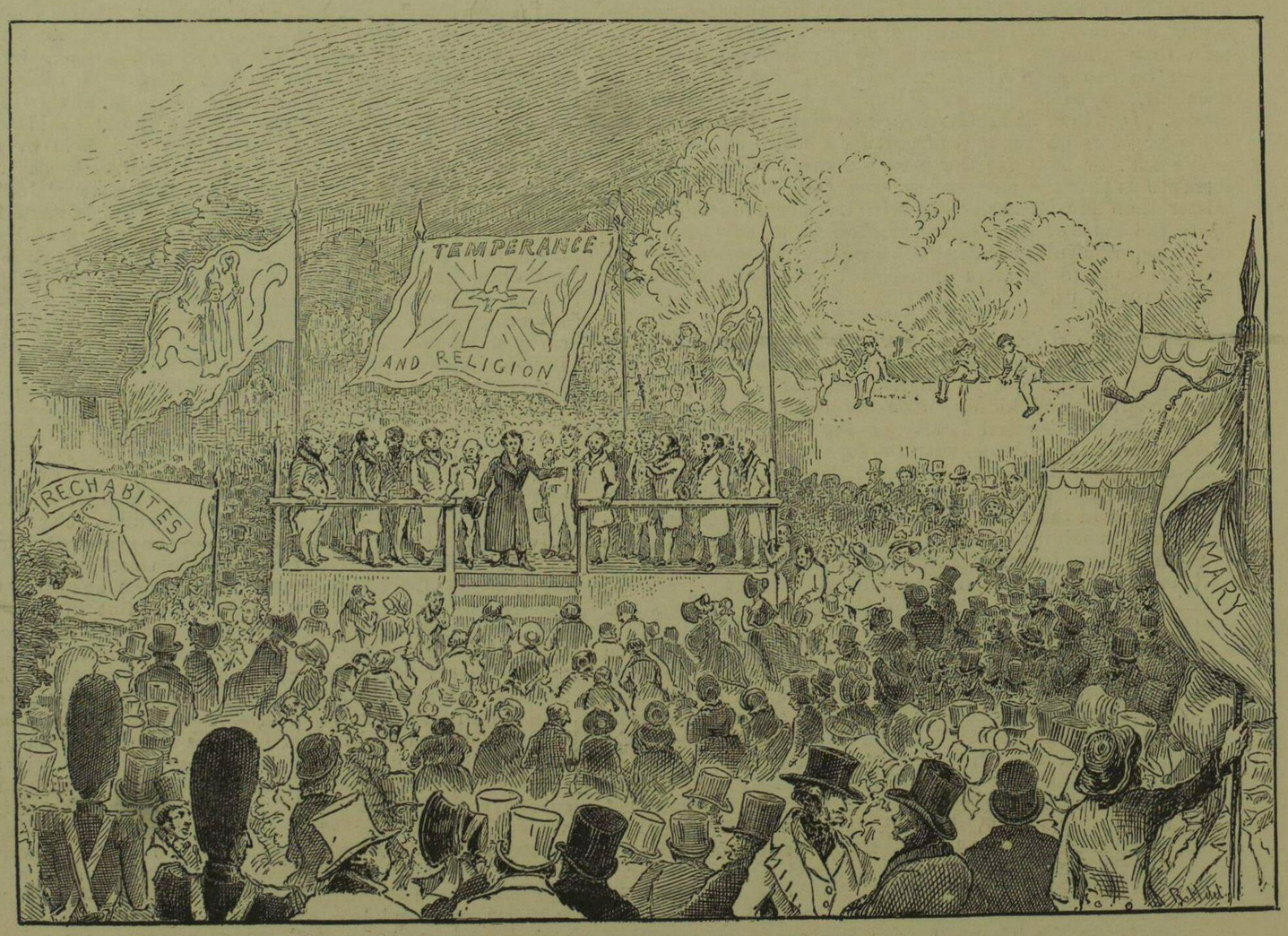
Some of Father Mathew's fellow-countrymen called him "a second Patrick," and it is not a little strange that those two apostolic men, so beloved by Ireland, should both have been of foreign extraction. The Mathews were a Welsh family, descended from Gwaythooed, King of Cardigan. His direct descendant was Sir Thomas Mathew, standard-bearer to Edward IV., and it was not until 1610 that any of the Mathews came to Ireland. In one line, at least, the migrating portion of the family became very wealthy, acquiring large estates, one of which was at Thomastown,



HOME OF FATHER MATHEW AND HEADQUARTERS OF THE TEMPERANCE MOVEMENT, CHARLOTTE STREET, CORK.

where, in Swift's time, Thomas Mathew exercised a hospitality at once the most liberal and the most enlightened on record. One of his successors at Thomastown was created Earl of Llandaff. The third Earl employed as his bailiff his kinsman James Mathews, who, marrying Anne Whyte of Cappa-Whyte, became the father of a large family. Their fourth son, born at the mansion at Thomastown, Oct. 10, 1790, was named Theobald, and became famous as "Father Mathew," the Apostle of Temperance. As a striking example of the warmth of his heart and the energy of his will, it is related that, being sent to school at Kilkenny by Lady Elizabeth Mathew, the then owner of Thomastown, he walked straight home on the following Easter, without asking anybody's leave, unable to bear separation from his mother. In this and other ways he evinced resolution of character, though he was no athlete, and could not abide the sight of a hare run down by the hounds or a pheasant with its wing broken and bleeding. Full of humour, constantly laughing, given to express himself figuratively, he was born to win his way to the human heart. At Maynooth, where he went in 1807, his hospitable tendencies brought him into collision with the authorities, and he anticipated expulsion by voluntarily quitting the college in 1808. He joined the Capuchins, the poorest religious order in Ireland, and on Easter Sunday 1814, at Dublin, was ordained a priest. Settled at Kilkenny, he was wrongfully accused of having administered the Paschal Communion, and thus infringing the rights of the regular clergy, and ordered by the Bishop to leave. This led him to Cork, the scene of his life's ministry.

There have been many lovers of the poor in our day, but it would be hard to find one who loved them better than Father Mathew. In them he conceived he saw the image of the Redeemer, and while he was courteous to all, conducting himself in society with the stately dignity of a gentleman of the old school, to the poor he was ever sympathetic and gentle and reverent. The most unsavoury trades chose him for their confessor, and he had ample opportunities of knowing the very poor. Compulsory ignorance and idleness lay, he thought, at the root of their miseries, and he at once set about

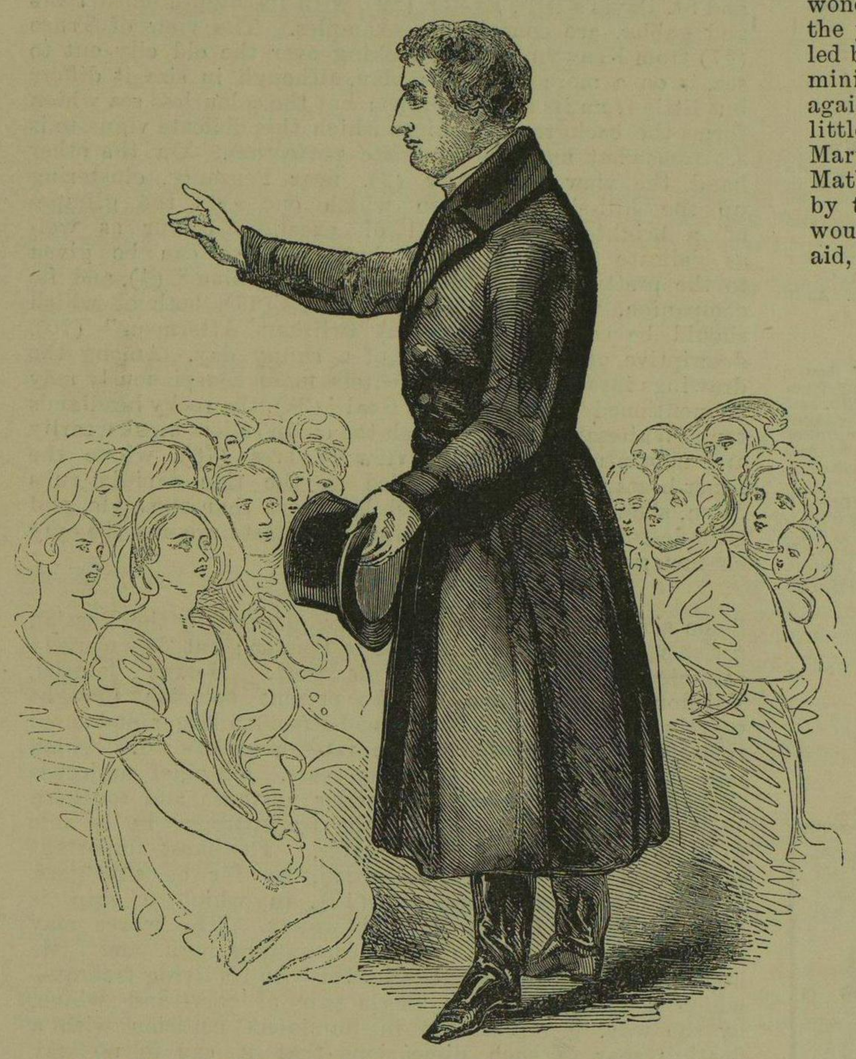


FATHER MATHEW ADDRESSING A TEMPERANCE MEETING IN LONDON.
Reproduction of Contemporary Engraving, Illustrated London News, Aug. 5, 1843.

"JEUNESSE."

AFTER THE PICTURE BY CH. CHAPLIN.

to remove the former. He opened a school for female children, and soon had 500 pupils. He founded night-schools for poor boys, and formed those in happier circumstances into little societies with a view to their helping in religious, educational, and benevolent work. Living in the dark old times, when the gods Pallor and Terror reigned in most schools, it is a testimony to the instinctive wisdom of a heart delighting in love and liberty that Theobald Mathew ruled his flocks of young people with no other means than smiles and gentle words, timely presents, and occasional feasts and trips into the country. Intellectually a man of no extraordinary power, he had in a supreme degree the gift of enthusiasm for humanity. His fellow-townsmen had proof of it when, in 1832, the cholera made its first appearance in Cork. Indefatigable at the hospital, looking sharply after the nurses, then as bad as to-day they are good, watching every detail, even to the dead-room, Mr. Mathew saved at least one fellow-creature from the horrors of a living burial.



FATHER MATHEW SPEAKING AT A TEMPERANCE MEETING IN IRELAND.

Delightfully free from the least touch of asceticism, Father Mathew loved to play the host to a company of friendless young priests, sparing neither his viands nor, in those days, his wine. In fact, his open-handed generosity was typically Hibernian. "If," said the clerk of his little chapel, "the streets of Cork were paved with gold, and Father Mathew had the control of them, there would not at the end of the year be a paving-stone in the city." Nor did he only give away his means in small gifts: for the public good he would sacrifice large sums in an almost princely fashion, at the same time living himself in a humble but respectable manner, never giving way, in any form, to the vanity of saintliness. Thus he bought the Botanical Gardens in Cork, and turned them into a cemetery, to which he admitted the poor of all denominations gratis, expecting the rich to pay in proportion to their means. It is a curious light on the spirit of the times that a member of one of the most rigorous offshoots of the Franciscan order should obtain a dispensation from the Pope to hold personal property. It may be doubted whether it did him or his work, or the poor on whom he was never tired of bestowing his munificence, any good. It certainly did much to bring his grey hairs with sorrow to the grave.

All this while, there was nothing in the Father's personal appearance that suggested the man who was living a life superior to others—no clerical coat or hat: Mr. Mathew dressed like a gentleman of the time, in a frock-coat, hessian boots, and a tall top-hat. If anyone had suspected him of being a clergyman, it would have been difficult, until he bared his head, to say to what communion he belonged. Of medium height, of a complexion neither too florid nor too pallid, with features finely chiselled, blue eyes beaming softly but with great animation, an expression at once intelligent and benign, and ever breaking out into humorous smiles, Theobald Mathew fascinated everyone who had the pleasure of seeing him or hearing him talk. Such was the style of man who threw himself with all the ardour of his simple affectionate nature into the work of delivering his country from the fiend of drink, and, once having committed himself to it, he never faltered, never withdrew, but subordinated every consideration to its success, sacrificing to it all that men hold dear—time, comfort, means, friends, and relatives.

It was in the winter of 1839-40 this wonderful work began. At the opening of the year 1838 a small band of men in Cork, led by a Protestant clergyman, a Unitarian minister, and a Quaker, witnessed bravely against intemperance; but their words had little influence. The good Quaker William Martin often met at the workhouse Theobald Mathew, a Catholic priest, much beloved by the poor people of Cork. "Oh!" he would say, "if thou wouldst only give thy aid, much good might be done in this city." It was no light thing that was asked for: to do so not only meant a direct attack on the livelihood of some of his nearest relations, who were distillers, but a probable curtailment of his spiritual influence. But the movement was clearly right, greatly wanted, and Theobald Mathew determined to sacrifice all for it. On April 10, 1838, at a meeting of the Cork Temperance Society in his schoolroom, he signed the pledge, exclaiming as he did so, "Here goes, in the name of God!"

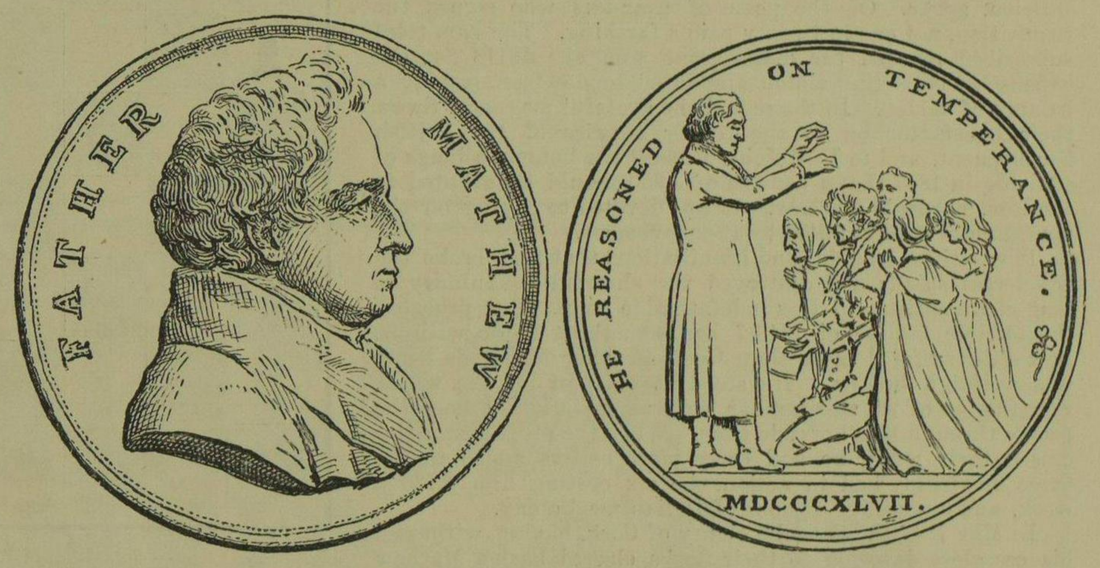
Many of his friends were annoyed, but the poor so crowded to his meetings that it was necessary to take the Horse Bazaar, where there was standing room for 4000 people. In three months 25,000 took the pledge, in five months the register reached 131,000, in less than nine months it had risen to 156,000. These numbers indicate that the people were already stirred far beyond Cork. First came the men of Kilhush; Kerry next sent its hundreds; and these were followed by those of Limerick, all returning to spread the sacred fire, until it broke out into a vast conflagration, and lit up the whole country.

How great had been the emotion aroused was first made manifest in a visit Theobald Mathew made to that city to preach on behalf of some Catholic charity. As soon as the people heard he was in their neighbourhood they poured down into Limerick from all parts. The streets around the house in which he was staying were soon filled with a crowd so dense that the railings in front of it were carried away, and several people fell into the Shannon. All were happily got out, but such was the concentrated force of the vast numbers collected that some of the Scots Greys, present to keep order, were lifted with their horses from the ground and borne on for a short distance, while some adventurous individuals, scrambling on to the top of the crowd, ran over its heads in order to get near Mr. Mathew. In four days 15,000 persons took the pledge. The work now proceeded with the most astonishing rapidity. Waterford, Lismore, Ennis, Clonmel, Thurles, Cashel, and several other places were visited by the Apostle of Temperance, and a quarter of a million of fresh adherents was the result. At Parsonstown a scene occurred impossible in any town or village in Great Britain. Not only was a body of police stationed in front of the Roman Catholic chapel, but a barrier was formed around them by a rifle corps, on bended knees with their rifles fixed and pointed, while within this barrier mounted cavalry rode up and down to keep the way in and out—singular proof of the popular emotion and the extraordinary anxiety it aroused among those in authority. But, so far from their being any riotous conduct on the part of the people, not one casualty is reported to have occurred during this wonderful journey, though in every part of the way the multitudes surged in the roads and inundated every town where the apostle of temperance appeared.

It would be impossible here to enumerate the journeys which followed, much more to relate their details. Some idea of the intensity and universality of the ardour aroused may be gathered from the fact that in one day, at Nenagh, 20,000 persons took the pledge; at Galway, in two days, 100,000; in Loughrea, in two days, 80,000. Between Galway, Loughrea, and on the road to Portumna there were from 150,000 to 200,000 adhesions; and in Dublin, during five days, about 70,000.

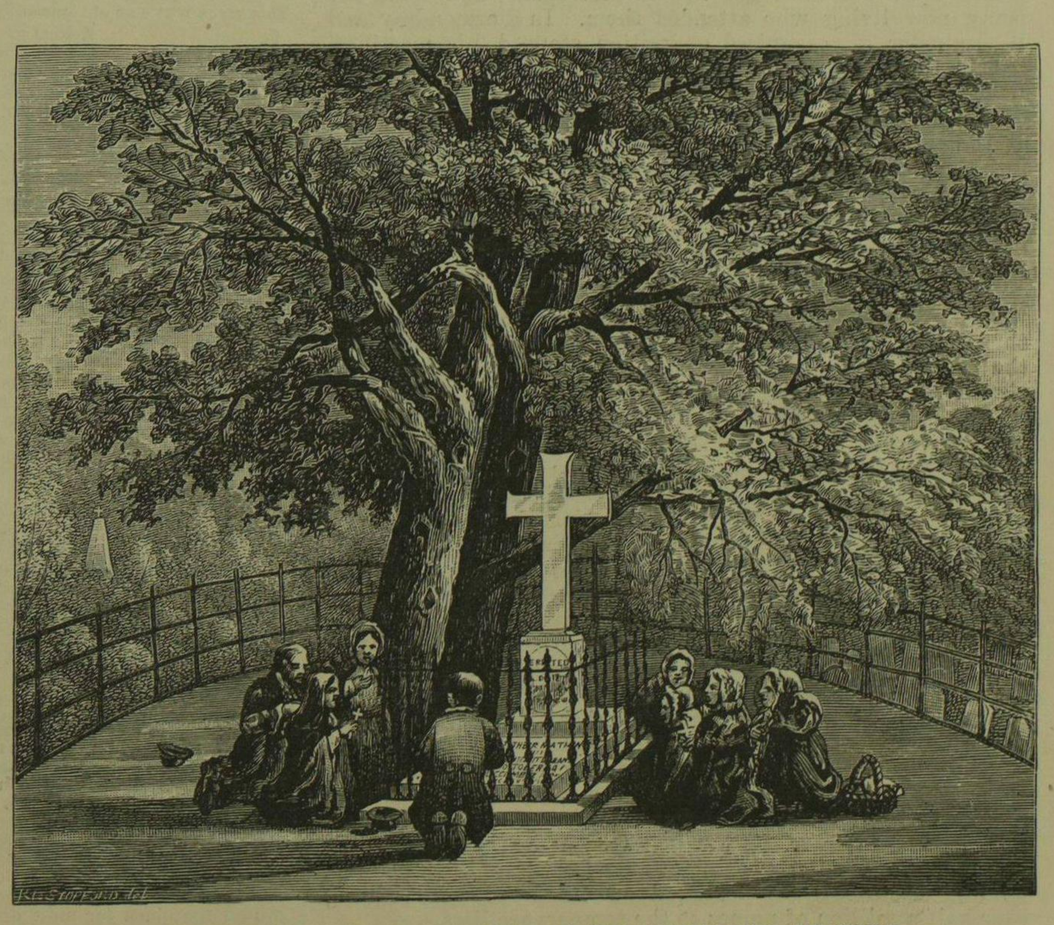
I send you my Portrait: it is, I am informed, a faithful Likeness.—I am, with the highest respect, your ever grateful and affectionate friend,

Theobald Mathew.



FATHER MATHEW'S TEMPERANCE MEDAL.

TOWER, NEAR CORK, COMMEMORATING FATHER MATHEW'S RECEPTION IN ENGLAND.



GRAVE OF FATHER MATHEW IN THE CEMETERY AT CORK.

But nothing more evinces the unity which this great moral movement produced in Ireland than the way this Catholic priest and Capuchin Friar was received by the Orangemen of Ulster. He was told that he would be assassinated if he went; but his faith in humanity was too robust—he refused to believe that his Ulster fellow-countrymen would do aught than give him a welcome. And so it proved. Everything—even the hanging out of Orange flags—only became a source of union and goodwill. At one place, where the Roman Catholic Bishop warned him not to go, the Protestant clergyman came publicly to meet him, and his entry was triumphal. From one end of Ulster to the other he was heartily welcomed, and by none more so than by the 'prentice boys of Derry.

By the summer of 1840, the movement having existed two years, the number of its pledged adherents had swollen to two millions; four years later, Mr. Mathew reckoned that seven millions had taken the pledge, and he showed Mr. Grant a register containing the names of five millions and a half, the other million and a half not having been entered owing to the rapidity with which he had had to move from place to place, and the absorbing occupation of merely administering the pledge. The temperance cause thus early had societies in nearly every town in Ireland.

To a man with his abounding love of humanity, the first few years of his career as an apostle of temperance must have yielded immense happiness, but after that he began to be overwhelmed with all kinds of troubles. Impatient of control, and rejoicing in self-sacrifice, Mr. Mathew took upon himself not only the gigantic work of addressing hundreds of meetings in all parts of the country, but the ever-increasing expenses of the mission, of which there were not only all the usual costs of travelling, printing, and hiring rooms, but the peculiar additions of medals and musical bands. Some people paid for their medals, but, as Father Mathew gave them away freely to those he thought could not afford to pay, this item became an enormous one, considering that not thousands but millions took the pledge. Moreover, he could not resist the appeals constantly made to him to provide funds for the temperance bands. Thus by 1844 his liabilities had reached £7000, and he was arrested for an account due to a medal-manufacturer while administering the pledge at Dublin. *Punch* thus commented on the event: "Mathew the martyr brought his fortune into the market to buy up vice, counts his tens of thousands of proselytes, then taking his purse counts nothing. He has triumphed, but he is a beggar. He has given happy homes to thousands of his converts, lessened the work of policemen, judges, and executioners considerably: his reward is a writ of arrest and threat of gaol."

On a requisition signed by two Dukes, four Marquises, nineteen Earls, ten Viscounts and Barons, four Roman Catholic Bishops, forty Baronets, and thirty Members of Parliament, a great meeting had been held in January of the previous year to discuss the propriety of presenting a testimonial to Father Mathew in recognition of the great work he had done for Ireland. The Duke of Leinster took the chair, and two Marquises and the famous Irish leaders, Daniel O'Connell and Smith O'Brien, spoke. Of the posse of grandees who signed the requisition, not one in twenty paid a farthing. The sum total subscribed reached the magnificent sum of £2118 8s., the expense of collecting which amounted to £968 8s., leaving a balance of £1150. In the sequel the grateful magnates threw their benefactor on to the tender mercies of the British Government, and to Lord John Russell the honour belongs of advising in 1847 that a pension of £300 should be granted to the Rev. Theobald Mathew. It was devoted to paying off the mountain of debt entailed by the movement.

It was these troubles and humiliations that first broke the wonderful spirits and destroyed the cheerful equanimity so long characteristic of this indefatigable man. But probably the terrible famine of 1846-7 had something to do with it. Few cities suffered more than Cork. Father Mathew's heart was wellnigh broken. He stood at his post all the while, relaxing no effort, spiritual as well as material, to help the people through this horrible time. When the relief committee ceased their work, he had three more boilers added to the three he already had in action, the six costing him £130 a week, and consuming 1½ tons of Indian meal a day.

In May 1847 the Catholic clergy of Cork, having witnessed his ceaseless devotion to their flocks, elected Father Mathew to be their Bishop. It is needful for the Pope to sanction such elections, and in nominating Father Mathew it was thought impossible that an adverse decision could come from Rome. But in his infallible wisdom Pius IX. refused to allow the man who, since the days of Patrick, had shed the most lustre on the Catholic Church in Ireland to be Bishop of a people to whom he had ministered in a quite apostolic spirit for nearly a quarter of a century.

Theobald Mathew felt all these things deeply, and his only relief was great exertions and more self-sacrificing efforts. In 1843 he came to England, and preached temperance in the towns of Lancashire and Yorkshire, in London and Norwich. He held various meetings in the Metropolis, and there are many now living who attended them. In Bermondsey and Westminster an organised opposition stopped his meetings, but in the Barbican, in the East-End, and in the north of London they were very successful. In the Barbican, the Earl of Arundel and Surrey took the pledge, as did Lord Stanhope at the meeting in the Commercial-road, the latter entering into the work with such ardour that Father Mathew embraced him on the spot and kissed him. At Norwich he was welcomed by Bishop Stanley, who publicly apologised to him for the hard thoughts he had entertained concerning his motives. He was also introduced to the Duke of Wellington.

One of Father Mathew's Irish admirers, Mr. O'Connor, a wealthy tradesman in Cork, was so delighted at the sympathy thus shown by England that he determined to commemorate the event by building a tower on the Glanmire side of the river Lee. The foundation-stone was laid Oct. 30, 1843.

In the spring of 1848 Mr. Mathew had a paralytic stroke; but, recovering, he went, in 1849, to advocate the temperance cause in the United States. His reception in New York was royal. The bay was full of shipping of all nations decked out in all their flags. At the Castle Gardens enormous crowds gathered to listen to him, and in the evening he was entertained at a civic feast. But he had made a great mistake in going to the United States. The American people were guilty of something far worse than getting drunk. Mr. Mathew was called upon at once to say what he thought of buying and selling human beings and using them as so many cattle. He declined to take any part in the controversy, declaring that his sole object in coming to America was to advocate temperance. This satisfied neither side, and he was treated by both with great severity. Nevertheless, he was admitted by Congress to the floor of the House of Representatives, and what was then an unparalleled honour, after a fierce debate, by the Senate. While in America he travelled 37,000 miles, visiting twenty-five States of the Union, holding meetings in 300 principal towns and cities, and adding over half a million of names to the temperance lists.

Notwithstanding this effort, he continued in tolerable health until February 1853, when he fell into a fit in his bedroom, and was insensible until the next morning. In October 1854 he left for Madeira, staying there until August 1855. The autumn of 1856 he spent at Queenstown, but early in the winter the final stroke came. He lingered some days, speechless, all his faculties dim. Yet he recognised everyone, and even managed to make the sign of the cross on those who, by his death-bed, took the pledge. He intimated his desire to be buried under the cross he had erected in the cemetery at Cork, and passed away, Dec. 8, 1856, lamented by a whole nation.

His corpse, placed in his church at Cork, was visited by crowds of the poor, who came to look on the face of their friend, full of traces of suffering and sorrow. Fifty thousand mourners attended the funeral, which was a procession two miles long. Not only the cemetery but the roads outside were thronged, and when the remains were deposited in the tomb a convulsive sobbing broke forth from the vast crowds, telling how deep and strong and uniting was the love the people bore to one who had given his life for Ireland. R. H.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

W J G.—We are much obliged for your correction. Writing from memory, we quite forgot the parent game of the opening. We meant to say it was unusual in modern practice.

W HOPE.—Problem No. 2 contains a pretty idea, but it admits of at least two other solutions besides your own, by 1. Q to Kt 3rd and 1. Kt to K 5th.

F L R.—Much obliged for problems. Should be glad to hear from you whenever any chess doings of interest take place in the colony.

G WILKINS.—You have apparently omitted something from the diagram. As it stands there is a mate in one move, by 1. Q to Kt 7th.

SIGNOR ASPA.—Your problem shall have immediate attention.

PROBLEMS received with thanks from F Healey, L Desanges, and F L R.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2400 received from Dr A R V Sastry (Tumkur); of Nos. 2401 and 2402 from R V Ramiah (Tumkur); of No. 2405 from Jacob Benjamin (Bombay); of No. 2406 from James Clark (Chester); of No. 2407 from W Barrett, John G Grant, and Louis F; of No. 2408 from L Desanges (Naples), J D Tucker (Leeds), W Barrett, F F (Brussels), Spec, G H Birngruber (Bremen), D Jackson, H S B (Fairholme), and G Esposto Lau (Naples); of No. 2409 from W Barrett, Edward Goodwin, J D Tucker (Leeds), Frederic S Bishop, Tortebesse, Rev Winfield Cooper, and R T Maffs.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2410 received from W Waterfield, L Desanges (Naples), J D Tucker (Leeds), E Louden, J Smith, D McCoy (Galway), H Beurmann (Berlin), D Jackson (Clapham), Columbus, A Newman, Dawn, Julia Short (Exeter), Martin F, R Worters (Canterbury), Jupiter Junior, N Harris, M Burke, A Gwinner, T Roberts, Dick F, Alpha, W R Raillem, Fr Fernando (Dublin), Mrs Wilson (Plymouth), Dr F St, W Wright, J Coad, R H Brooks, Shadforth, R T Maffs, C L Smith (Shrewsbury), and H S B (Fairholme).

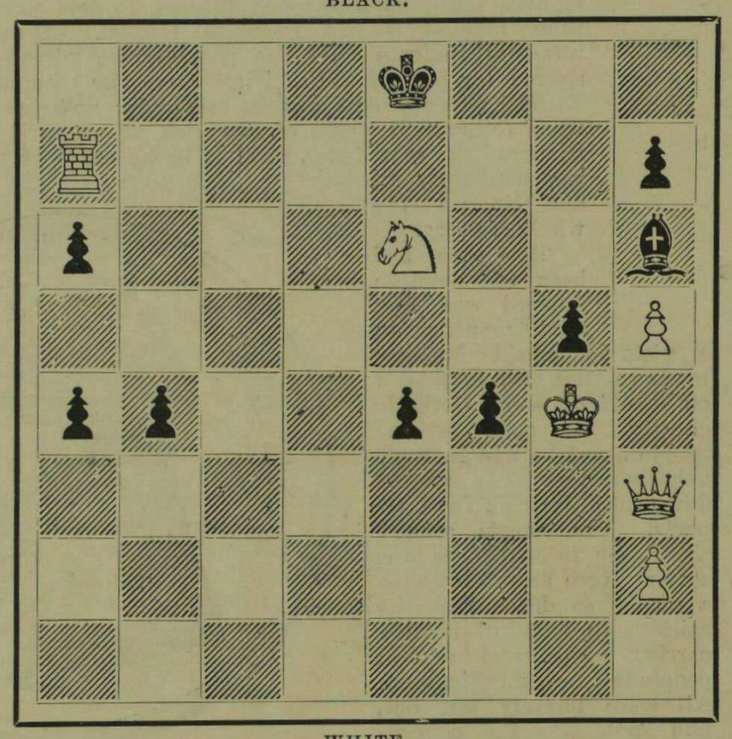
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2408.—By J. P. TAYLOR.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. B to K 6th	Any move
2. Mates	

PROBLEM No. 2412.

By H. F. L. MEYER.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN LONDON.

Game played at Simpson's between Messrs. GOSSIP and LOMAN.

(Steinitz Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. G.)	BLACK (Mr. L.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th
2. Kt to Q B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd
3. P to B 4th	P takes P
4. P to Q 4th	Q to R 5th (ch)
5. K to K 2nd	P to K Kt 4th

P to Q 4th is usual here, but P to Q Kt 3rd, as analysed by Mr. Fraser, is perhaps better.

6. Kt to Q 5th	

This gives White an obvious advantage.

6.	K to Q sq
7. Kt to B 3rd	Q to R 4th
8. K to B 2nd	B to Kt 2nd
9. P to B 3rd	K Kt to K 2nd
10. B to K 2nd	P to B 3rd
11. Kt takes Kt P	

A clever and beautiful reply. The combination is carefully worked out, and White can do nothing to escape.

11.	Q takes Kt
12. Q B takes P	Q to R 5th (ch)
13. P to Kt 3rd	Kt takes Kt
14. P takes Kt	Q takes B

There is nothing better. The Q is lost anyhow, and the game so hopeless that Black might have resigned forthwith.

15. P takes Q	Kt to K 2nd
16. B to B 3rd	B to R 3rd
17. Q to K 2nd	P to Q 3rd
18. Q R to K sq	B to B sq
19. K R to Kt sq	Q B to B 4th
20. R to Kt 7th	P to Kt 3rd
21. R takes Kt	B takes R
22. Q takes B (ch), and wins	

CHESS IN BRISTOL.

Game played between Mr. N. FEDDEN and Mr. J. HARDING.

(Remove White's Q Kt.)

(King's Gambit declined.)

WHITE (Mr. F.)	BLACK (Mr. H.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th
2. P to K B 4th	Q Kt to B 3rd
3. K Kt to B 3rd	P takes P
4. P to Q 4th	Q to K 2nd
5. B to Q 3rd	Kt to Kt 5th

Receivers of Q Kt should play P to Q 4th as early in the game as practicable. If P takes P, Q takes P, and the Q cannot be dislodged; both Bishops are free with a fine position.

6. B takes P	Kt takes B
7. Q takes Kt	Q to Kt 5th (ch)
8. P to B 3rd	Q takes Kt P
9. Castles	Q to R 6th

Black's play is an example of what ought to be avoided. His Queen is simply helping to develop his opponent's game.

10. B takes P	B to Q Kt 5th
11. Q R to B sq	

This move is tame. R to Kt sq prevents the capture of the P. If Q takes P, Q takes Q, B takes Q, R to Kt 3rd, and the B is lost; and if B takes P, R to Kt 3rd.

11.	B to R 4th
12. B takes B	Q takes B
13. Kt to K 5th	Kt to R 3rd
14. Kt to Q B 4th	Q takes R P
15. Kt to Q 6th (ch)	K to B sq
16. P to Q 5th	Q to R 6th
17. P to K 5th	P to Q R 4th
18. R takes P (ch)	Kt takes R
19. Q to K B sq	Q to B 4th (ch)
20. K to R sq	Q takes Q P
21. R to K sq	K to Kt sq
22. P to K 6th	Kt takes Kt
23. P to K 7th	Q to B 2nd

If P to R 3rd, 24. P Queens (ch), Kt takes Q; 25 R takes Kt (ch), K to R 2nd; 26. Q to Q Kt sq (ch), P to Kt 3rd; 27. R to K 7th (ch), K to Kt sq; 28. Q takes K Kt P, and mates next move.

24. Q to K 2nd	Kt to K sq

Black has missed so much that it is small wonder he overlooked Q to K 3rd, which saves his game. If then R to B sq, P to K Kt 3rd, and if Q to B 2nd, then Q to B 2nd, or even Q takes R (ch).

25. R to K B sq	Q to K B 3rd
26. Q to B 4th (ch)	P to Q 4th
27. Q takes P (ch)	B to K 3rd
28. Q takes B (ch), and wins.	

On Friday evening, June 20, Mr. Blackburne played simultaneously against twenty members of the City of London Chess Club. His play was rapid, as usual, and he proceeded from board to board at a speed which proved too much for most of his opponents. In three hours Mr. Blackburne won sixteen games, drew two, and lost two to Messrs. Droysen and Clayton. The room was crowded, and, on the motion of Mr. Cubison, a vote of thanks to Mr. Blackburne was passed with loud applause.

ART EXHIBITIONS.

THE FINE ART SOCIETY.

There is a collection of very pretty drawings by Mr. H. B. Wimbush now on view at this gallery (148, New Bond-street), and those who care to see to what extent prettiness can be pushed would do well to visit this exhibition. Mr. Wimbush does not always do himself justice, for he occasionally subdues his tones so much that the distinctive features of a Cornish sea or a Devonshire sky are in danger of being missed. On the other hand, he has an instinctive sense of the picturesque, and at the same time an accurate eye—qualities which are rarely blended in pictures prepared for public consumption. Speaking in general terms, Mr. Wimbush shows to best advantage in rendering the quaint varieties of street architecture which are yet to be found in numberless villages between London and the Land's End, of which Whitchurch (92), Totteridge (54)—somewhat out of the way, it must be admitted—Penzance Parish Church (64), and St. David's Hill, Exeter (29), with its high-pitched roofs and gables, are conspicuous examples. The view of Truro (47) from Kenwyn Church, looking over the old city out to sea, is on a more ambitious plan, although in size it differs but little from its surroundings; but the colourless sea which forms the background against which this delicate vignette is set somewhat mars its complete perfection. On the other hand, the view of Zennor (2), near Penzance, clustering up the hill-sides, between which one gets the glimpse of a brighter sea, is full of excellent colour as well as delicate drawing; and similar praise can be given to the pretty pastoral entitled "Late Evening" (4), and its companion, "Back to the Homestead" (18), both of which should be compared with "A Brilliant Afternoon" (70), descriptive of the hot glare of a sunny day. Among the drawings into which the sea enters more conspicuously may be mentioned "The Atlantic's Goal" (35), the rocky headlands round Whitesand Bay, on which the ocean rollers break wearily and mournfully; and the view of Ives (78), where the fisher-boats are being unloaded as the tide rapidly runs down, shows that Mr. Wimbush has more than one style, and that deftness of hand and delicacy of taste are not the only characteristics of his work.

THE GOUPIL GALLERY.

Some six or seven years ago, a few pictures by the Russian artist Aïvasovsky were exhibited in London; but they scarcely attracted the attention they deserved. Messrs. Boussod, Valadon, and Co. have, on the present occasion, brought together (116 and 117, New Bond-street) a larger and more representative collection of the veteran artist's work, which now extends over more than fifty years. His chief subject is the sea in all its aspects, and under northern and southern skies, and his chief merit is the transparency he is able to give to vast masses of water. The most important picture in the present collection, so far as size goes, is "The Supreme Moment" (10), in which a ship is being engulfed in the stormy waters. The waves may in truth be said to be running mountains high, and little hope survives for the boat overloaded with its living freight—which has to trust to a single pair of oars—and which, by the way, is represented in imminent collision with a floating spar of such dimensions that it can in no way be connected with the sinking ship. Mr. Aïvasovsky is nothing if not punctilious in his art, and blemishes, therefore, of this sort cannot be passed over in silence. Among the other works which attract, if they do not fascinate, may be mentioned the "Destruction of Pompeii" (16), as imagined from the sea—the red lava pouring down the sides of Vesuvius, and the sky and darkened air illumined by lurid flashes of red lightning. There is more reality, and even sentiment, in the view of the "Cathedral of Isaac" (15), which conveys a very impressive idea of the broad streets of St. Petersburg in the depth of winter, and of the sickly efforts of the sun to struggle through the grey sky. Almost equally successful is the picture "After the Deluge" (7), a study of the table-lands of the Caucasus, on which a silver haze has settled, suggestive of the sun in its splendour drinking up the moisture of the long-continued rain. Among the other pictures may be noticed "The North Sea" (13), a cold and forbidding scene; "A Dead Calm" (17), "Breakers near Biarritz" (1), and the more brilliant tones of "The Isle of Capri" (31) and "The Bosphorus" (29). Mr. Aïvasovsky has a fine sense of colour and a powerful brush when painting the sea; but there is seldom sufficient interest in the composition of his pictures to justify the use of such huge canvases.

We have been requested by a representative of the Cercle Artistique of Antwerp to state that the exhibition of works by members of the society at the Burlington Gallery, Old Bond-street, was a private undertaking.

Mr. Henry Tate has written a letter to the Chancellor of the Exchequer proposing to give to the nation fifty-seven valuable pictures from his collection, providing that a suitable and separate gallery shall have been erected or an existing one prepared for their reception, the structure and situation of which shall have previously met with his approval, and the Lords of the Treasury undertaking to complete the same by June 30, 1892. Mr. Tate has also submitted to the Treasury the draft of a proposal for the establishment of a national gallery of British art under a separate administration from that of any existing institution.

There was a large gathering at Charing-Cross Hospital Medical School on June 18, to witness the distribution of prizes and certificates to the successful students in the past two sessions by the Dean, Dr. Mitchell Bruce. Highly encouraging was the report presented by the Subdean, Mr. Stanley Boyd, which stated that thirty-two successful candidates for last year's vacancies in the Indian, Home, and Naval medical services received a portion of their training at the institution. The principal prize-winners were H. S. Baker, who obtained the Llewellyn Scholarship; G. H. Hooper, the Golding Scholarship, the "Senior" Physiology Prize, and other awards; L. B. Williams, the Governor's Clinical Gold Medal; T. H. Symons, the "Senior" Anatomy Prize; and J. Busfield, who, in addition to the "Pereira" Prize, won medals in surgery, forensic medicine, and other branches of the medical curriculum.

The annual meeting of the supporters of the Curates' Augmentation Fund was held at 2, Dean's-yard, Westminster. The secretary read the report, which stated that the income for the past year was £340 more than the preceding year, while the working expenses were less, and that £7286 had been paid in grants to a large number of aged Curates, whose average length of service was twenty-nine years, and the average stipends after twenty-five years' work only £118 a year. The report also stated that there were 1200 Curates who had been upwards of fifteen years in holy orders, that last year there were seventy new applications for grants, and, although there were twenty-three vacancies in the list of grantees, the council, from the present state of the funds, could make only twelve new grants, and there were many strong cases which they were obliged to pass over. The council made an urgent appeal for increased funds.

SUNSHINE.

Sir Arthur Helps, in his delightful volume "Companions of my Solitude," tells us of his summer happiness in a pine-wood, where he fell into the pleasantest train of thought and enjoyed a sense of ease which seemed to show the possibility of all care being driven away from the world some day. And he adds, "It was very warm, without which nothing is beautiful to me."

I suppose the comparative rarity of warmth and sunshine makes them all the dearer to us in this shivery and wayward climate, and Sir Arthur expresses a feeling with which most of my readers will sympathise. Not all, indeed. One meets sometimes, even in England, with men and women who seem to have a grudge against the sun. No sooner does that kindest of friends put forth a little genial power than these good people appear to be as restless and uncomfortable as the polar bear in the Zoo. They walk upon the shady side of the road as though they feared a sunstroke, and the emphasis of their expressions would be too strong if they lived in Calcutta or Hong-Kong.

No doubt, in torrid climates the traveller will often say with literal truth what Hamlet said metaphorically, that he is too much in the sun. Scorching heat is as intolerable, or nearly so, as the churlish chiding of the wintry wind, and life in an African desert is as unpleasant as life on an iceberg. Even in this country, in which a fire is often needed at midsummer—I am sitting by one now in this rainy month of June—the sun has been known to put forth unwonted power, labourers in the field have died, fine ladies have gasped upon sofas, and the land has glowed like a furnace. "Such warmth," to quote the rather tumid language of Thomson, "blasts Fancy's blooms and withers even the soul;" and he adds, with some measure of truth and more of poetical license, that in this heat "distressful Nature pants," that "the very streams look languid from afar," and that "all from pole to pole is undistinguished blaze." No doubt England has witnessed such heat, just as in 1703 it was the witness of a tempest that swept away large mansions, buried a bishop beneath the ruins of his palace, and destroyed hundreds of lives; but scorching blasts are as rare in this climate as tropical hurricanes, and a man may live a long life without suffering from either. It is the want of sunshine, and not the excess of it, that marks our islands. How much, I wonder, of the chronic discontent of Ireland is due to legislation past or present, and how much to a damp atmosphere and a cloudy sky?

The Spaniards, who have a proverb "That which keeps out the cold keeps out the heat," wear their cloaks in summer, and we, for a different reason, can rarely, for many weeks together, wear light clothing. Scarcely have we thrown off winter garments—never more needed than in spring—than we are forced to resume them again, so chary is the sun of his favours. That is why, when sunshine does come, we should open our hearts and windows to it. In the physical as in the spiritual world, light is essential to life, and the more we have of it the better. Yet, too commonly, we shut it out from our souls by prejudice, and from our houses by Venetian blinds.

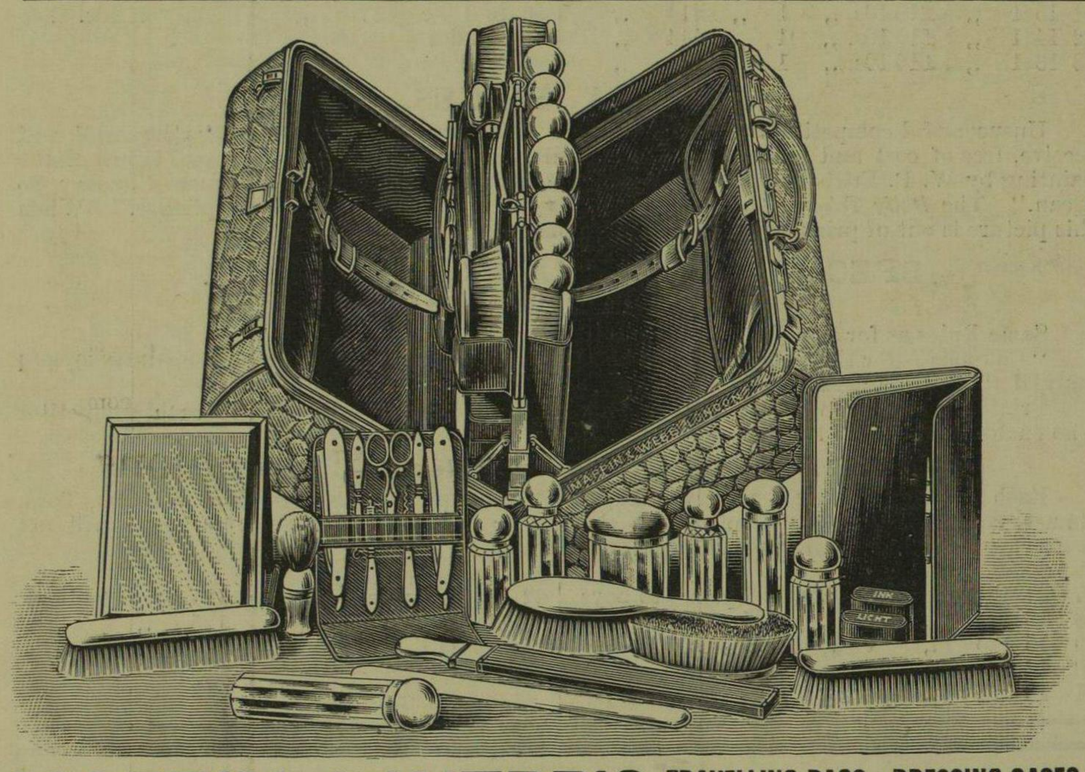
It is my belief that many a brave deed and many a work of imagination owes its conception to the stimulating and joyous influence of sunshine. On a glad day in summer the spirit of joy is everywhere—the spirit, too, of aspiration, and "we feel that we are greater than we know." Burton says a good prospect will ease melancholy; but he might have added that the soothing influence of the fairest scene is largely dependent upon sunshine. Let the reader recall the landscapes that have given him most delight, and I think he will remember that they are never associated with dull days. The serene and restful beauty of nature under a summer sun is very different from the same nature when surveyed in a macintosh and beneath the shelter of an umbrella! A pleasant thing it is for the eyes to behold the sun, said a wise man of old, and the poets have reiterated this truth times without number. But we prose-born folk, whom the gods have not made poetical, may be as susceptible to the delights of sunshine as the versemen who commemorate them. Possibly it is to our advantage that we are dumb and cannot sing. Poets inspired by the sun should possess, one might imagine, lucidity and strength; but there are some young poets nowadays so feebly incoherent and foolishly obscure that they appear to be under lunar influences.

When Milton lost his sight he prayed that the Celestial Light might shine inward and all his powers irradiate; and this reminds me that there is what another poet calls a "sunshine of the breast," which can make our homes happy when the shadows of life deepen and the heart craves after more than Nature, with all her riches, is able to supply:—

> He that has light within his own clear breast
> May sit in the centre and enjoy bright day;
> But he that hides a dark soul and foul thoughts
> Benighted walks under the mid-day sun:
> Himself is his own dungeon.

J. D.

The School Board Fête in connection with Mr. F. Peek's prizes was held at the Crystal Palace. Earl Stanhope distributed the prizes awarded for proficiency in Scripture knowledge. Out of a total of 1228 prize-takers (252,302 children this year submitted themselves for voluntary examination) 82 were selected publicly to receive their prizes, in consequence of their having passed a written examination with marked success.



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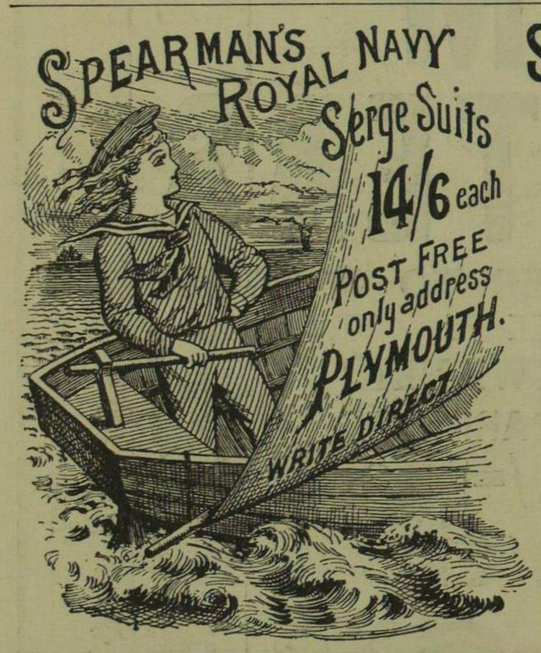

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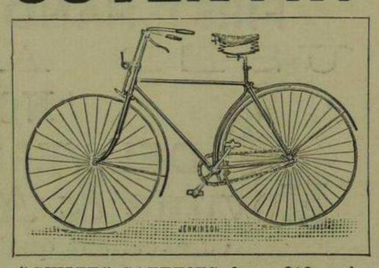

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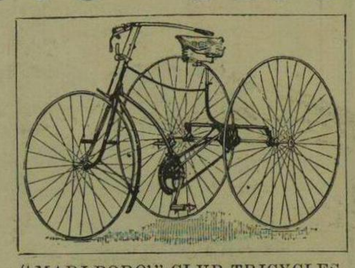

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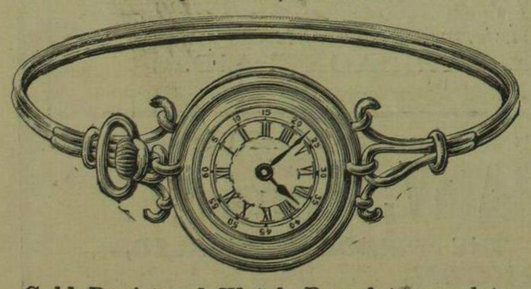

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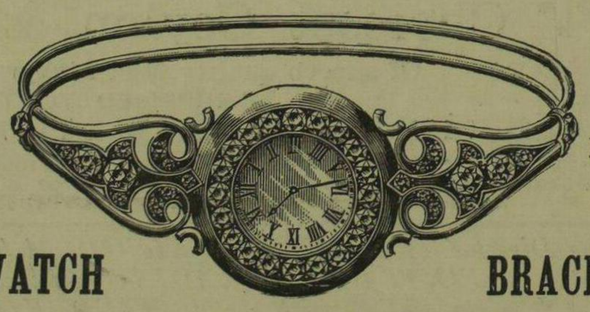

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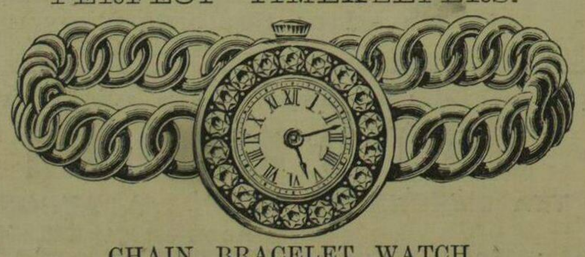

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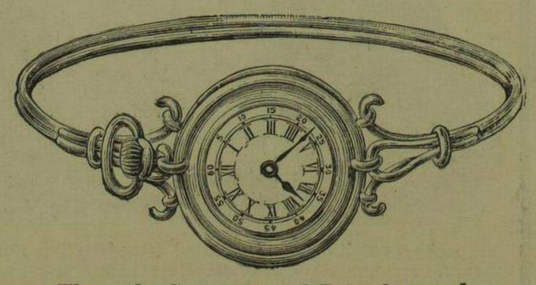

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5

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

Ascot was happily favoured by the weather, especially for the Cup day. On the first day, when rain appeared threatening, an extraordinary number of black frocks were worn. Black grenadine with silk sleeves, black cloth with velvet ones, black cashmere with embroidered tabliers and zouaves, and black mantles covering black silk dresses, were so numerous that one might almost have supposed that some Court mourning was going on. Probably, however, it was only in order to intensify the effect of their brighter gowns on the Thursday that so many women wore black on Tuesday, for on the Cup day the most tender colours carried all before them, white decidedly predominating.

Many delaines and other thin materials of that order in delicate-patterned colours were worn. Foulards, too, retain their popularity, largely owing, no doubt, to the favour accorded them by the Princess of Wales. Yet her Royal Highness on this occasion wore a much more elaborate gown. It was of cream cashmere with crêpe de Chine embroidered draperies, worn with a white feather boa, and a little black net flat bonnet, with real red roses in it, one of those flowers nestling also at the throat. The Duchess of Edinburgh, whose dress is always rich, yet somehow never arouses (as the Princess of Wales's almost always does) a desire to copy it, veiled her gown almost completely by wearing her dust-cloak of embroidered écru silk. A pretty foulard worn by a lady in attendance on the Royal Princesses was of a dark-blue ground, with pattern of poppies, relieved by a zouave and skirt trimming of guipure lace. An Eton-blue cloth, with narrow silver embroidery straight down each side of the bodice, separating the silver buttons from the necessary folds from shoulder to waist, and a half-belt of blue velvet edged on each side with the silver, and blue velvet sleeves with cuff trimmings of the same passementerie, was effective.

Silks and satins were more in favour than they have been for long; and another new feature was the number of dresses veiled in net or muslin, sometimes entirely, and in other cases only the sleeves and the tablier being so covered. One dress was of heliotrope faille française, with sleeves of the same silk covered with heliotrope crêpe, the front of the plain skirt relieved by crêpe scarves fastened down at the foot with silver buckles; the collar and cuffs were embroidered with silver bullion, and so was the bottom of the draperies at the back. Another dress was of pale-green Indian silk combined with coral-coloured crêpe, the latter covering the sleeves and profusely draping the front of the bodice. A gown of bright canary-yellow silk, made up with zouave, sleeves, and deep edging right round the bottom of the yellow skirt, all of black silk, was conspicuous. A dark-blue cloth flecked with black had a belt from under the arms covered with black net, the ends of which fell as a sash at the left side, and were drawn together at their tips into jet ornaments. The bodice trimmings were also of jet, and the hat was of black lace trimmed with cornflowers.

One complete dress was of green crêpon, with narrow central vest of silk draped on each side by the crêpon, and silk sleeves. Another dress was of mauve silk entirely covered by black net, with large spots of satin in it; the mauve silk alone made the cuirass bodice, the yoke and full sleeves being puffily covered with the spotted net. A pretty young married woman had a dress of pink muslin de chiffon, embroidered round the bottom with silver stems and pink foliage, the sleeves and braces of the bodice being of a lovely pink and silver brocade. A silver-grey silk was covered with black net spotted with grey. Another grey surah was trimmed with an infinite number of very narrow black-velvet ribbon bands taken straight down from waist to hem all round the sheath dress, except just at the back, where the slightly trained drapery spread out. Pale-blue crêpe was elaborately combined with a blue and green tartan silk with startling but successful result.

Cloth and tweed dresses of the plain tailor-made kind have not, however, lost their popularity, even for such dressy occasions. Some of these are now made with a basque—the bodice cut off short just below the waist line, and an added tail put on, the seam coming above the hips. These basques are as yet kept short, only some eight inches deep. One such bodice belonged to a dress of summer tweed striped in faint biscuit and grey, the basque being cut on the cross; the front was turned back with revers, and there was a narrow vest of tan cloth fastened with little round silver buttons. A quaint crinkly edged bonnet of fancy Tuscan, trimmed with a twist of biscuit gauze for the brim, and pink roses all over the crown, completed a neat toilette. A fawn-coloured tweed had black spots woven into it, the sleeves of fawn silk covered with black lace, the bodice trimmed round the armholes and the skirt round the bottom with black gimp in a vandyke design. A pretty girl had a grey homespun with three bands of narrow red-velvet ribbon round the bottom, and a wider strip of the same red inserted down the full sleeve. A pale heliotrope cashmere with accordeon-pleated skirt, and zouave and sleeves of dark-violet velvet, was pretty and simple.

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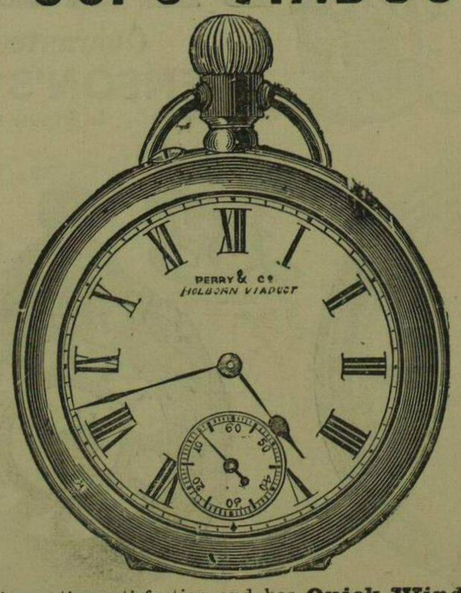

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society display. The scene is a truly brilliant one. The entire floor is, of course, stalls; the first two tiers above consist of boxes alone; the third is boxes and balcony stalls; and all these seats imply full dress. Whatever may be said about the practice of full dress for theatres in general, there can be no question whatever about the brilliant effect of the toilettes in the great Opera House at Covent-garden, or of the degree to which they add to the interest of the evening. White is very generally worn in the boxes this season: lit up by the glint of diamonds, it is effective for "distance wear," so to speak. One lady in the Duchess of Manchester's box wore a beautiful rivière of diamonds round the berthe of her white brocade and chiffon-draped gown; the ornament consisted of a row of single diamonds, from the centre of which, for about six inches, depended short strings of the beautiful stones, giving the effect of a kind of waterfall. Another gown was decorated with a superb diamond snake, which began on the left shoulder and travelled down to the centre of the bust. Few ornaments are now worn in the hair in the evening—I saw only one feather in the entire house—but diamond brooches or combs generally appear somewhere amid the coils of hair when a tiara is not worn. The Duchess of Fife on her last visit to the Opera (where she has a box of her own on the grand tier, the fourth from the Royal box) wore a magnificent tiara of diamonds and a white gown.

An interesting little pamphlet on the cultureand preparation of tea has just been issued by the United Kingdom Tea Company, of 21, Mincing-lane, who have recently received the appointment of Teamen to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales. Incidentally it is mentioned in the pamphlet that tea as supplied to the House of Commons refreshment-room, a mixture of Ceylon and Darjeeling, can be had for no more than two shillings the pound. What a change from the prices within the memory of most of us, and yet more from those of a century ago! It is hard to realise how our ancestresses existed without that delightful beverage, which, as Mrs. Frank Leslie says, "the Englishwoman regards as a panacea for all ills, from headache to heartache." Yet it is quite certain that when the same tea that we now get for two shillings was sixty shillings per pound, only millionaires could afford to have "a good cup" every afternoon. FLORENCE FENWICK-MILLER.

Mr. Slattery has been appointed President of the Queen's College, Cork, in succession to the late Professor Sullivan.

The Scottish Gathering, in aid of the Scottish charities in London, was held at the Stamford-bridge Grounds on June 21, under the presidency of the Duke of Athole. A number of athletic competitions were arranged for the occasion.

The President, Sir Julian Goldsmid, and the committee of the Arts and Letters Club gave the first *soirée musicale* of the season on June 22, in the rooms of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours, Piccadilly. Upwards of 500 ladies and gentlemen assembled in the rooms of the Institute, the walls of which were hung with nearly 800 specimens of the work of the best-known artists of the day.

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THE FAMOUS ENGLISH COMPLEXION SOAP.

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"TO MESSRS. PEARS." *MARY ANDERSON.*

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Many a complexion is marred by impure Alkaline and Colored Toilet Soap.

KEEPS THE HANDS SOFT. PEARS' SOAP.

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For Sale throughout the Civilized World.
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Good Complexion!
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NOTHING adds so much to personal attractions as a bright, clear complexion, and a soft skin. Without them the handsomest and most regular features are but coldly impressive, whilst with them the plainest become attractive; and yet there is no advantage so easily secured. The regular use of a properly prepared Soap is one of the chief means; but the Public have not the requisite knowledge of the manufacture of Soap to guide them to a proper selection, so a pretty box, a pretty colour, or an agreeable perfume too frequently outweighs the more important consideration, viz.: *the Composition of the Soap itself*, and thus many a good complexion is spoiled which would be enhanced by proper care.

FROM
Mr. J. L. Milton,
Senior Surgeon to St. John's Hospital for the Skin, London.

"FROM time to time I have tried very many different Soaps, "and after five-and-twenty years' careful observation in "many thousands of cases, both in Hospital and private practice, "have no hesitation in stating that none have answered so well "or proved so beneficial to the skin as **Pears' Soap.** Time "and more extended trials have only served to ratify this opinion, "which I first expressed upwards of ten years ago, and to increase "my confidence in this admirable preparation."

TO persons whose skin is delicate or sensitive to changes in the weather, winter or summer, PEARS' TRANSPARENT SOAP is invaluable, as, on account of its emollient, non-irritant character, *Redness, Roughness, and Chapping are prevented, and a clear appearance and soft velvety condition maintained, and a good, healthful, and attractive complexion ensured.* Its agreeable and lasting perfume, beautiful appearance, and soothing properties, commend it as the greatest luxury and most elegant adjunct to the toilet.

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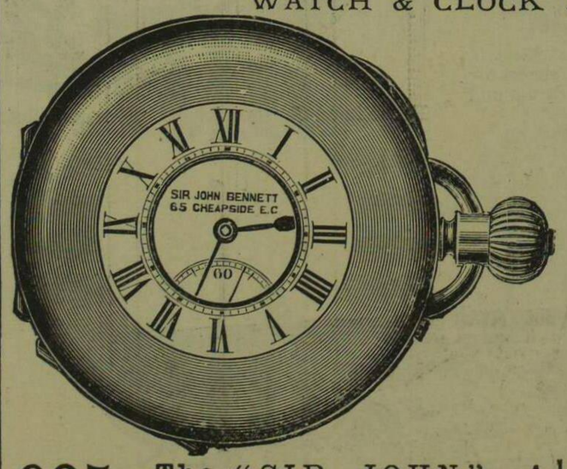

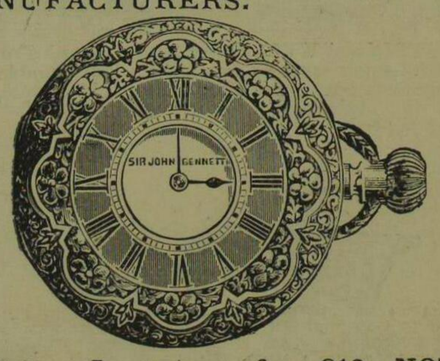

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London: SMITH, ELDER, and Co., 15, Waterloo-place.

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Full information on this subject may be found in the publications of the
MARRIAGE LAW DEFENCE UNION.
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LEE-ON-THE-SOLENT, HANTS.—TWENTY-FOURTH AUCTION SALE of FREEHOLD BUILDING LAND at this most successful seaside resort, the only one on the mainland directly opposite Osborne. Parliamentary powers have just been obtained for the construction of a new railway, three miles in length (to be immediately commenced), connecting Lee-on-the-Solent with the L. and S.-W.R. system, when it will be nearest to London, Oxford, and the Midlands of all South Coast Watering Places accessible viâ that line, Southsea only excepted. Fine beach and cliff, gravel soil, splendid views, iron pier 750 ft. long, improved steam-boat service to Southsea and Southampton.

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Wednesday, from 10 a.m. to 11 p.m.
Brilliantly Illuminated Gardens.
The following Military Bands will perform during the week ending July 5:—
14th Hussars.
Royal Artillery, Aldershot.
1st Liverpool Regiment.
Royal Military Asylum, Chelsea.
Royal Military School of Music.
3rd and 4th Battalions Royal West Kent Regiment.
The following events will take place during the week:—
Grand Display of Fireworks by Mr. Joseph Wells.
Displays by the Metropolitan School of Arms Association.
Civil Service Rifle Volunteers, 26th Middlesex (Cyclist) Rifle Volunteers.
Ambulance Drill by Volunteer Medical Staff Corps.
For details see daily papers.
Omnibuses every five minutes from Sloane-square and South Kensington Stations.
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Admission, 1s.; Wednesday, 2s. 6d.
These Prices Admit to all Entertainments.
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PLEASURE CRUISES TO THE LAND OF THE MIDNIGHT SUN.—The Orient Company's Steamships GARONNE (3876 tons) and CHIMBORAZO (3847 tons) will make a series of Trips to Norway during the season, visiting the finest Fiords. The dates of departure from London will be as follows, and from Leith two days later:—
JUNE 25, for 15 days. | JULY 23, for 27 days.
JULY 15, for 15 days. | AUG. 8, for 21 days.
The Steamers will be navigated through the "Inner lead"—i.e., inside the fringe of Islands off the coast of Norway, thus securing smooth water; the steamer leaving July 23 will proceed to the North Cape, where the Sun may be seen above the horizon at Midnight. The Garonne and Chimborazo are fitted with electric light, hot and cold baths, &c. Cuisine of the highest order.
Managers—F. GREEN and Co., 13, Fenchurch-avenue; ANDERSON, ANDERSON, and Co., 5, Fenchurch-avenue, London, E.C. For further particulars apply to the latter firm.

SUMMER HOLIDAYS.

TOURS TO THE WEST COAST AND FIORDS OF NORWAY.—Quickest and cheapest route. The splendid new first-class steamer ST. SUNNIVA leaves Leith and Aberdeen on JULY 5 for Twelve Days' Cruise. Fortnightly thereafter. Full particulars and Handbook (3d.) may be had from W. A. MALCOLM, 102, Queen Victoria-street, E.C.; SEWELL and CROWTHER, 18, Cockspur-st., Charing-cross, S.W.; THOMAS COOK and SONS, Ludgate-circus, E.C.; and all Branch Offices: and GUION COMPANY, 25, Water-street, Liverpool.

P. AND O. MAIL-STEAMERS FROM LONDON TO

BOMBAY, GIBRALTAR, MALTA, BRINDISI, EGYPT, ADEN, and MADRAS, viâ BOMBAY	Every week.
CALCUTTA, COLOMBO, CHINA, STRAITS, and JAPAN, AUSTRALIA, NEW ZEALAND and TASMANIA, and ALEXANDRIA	Every alternate week.

DIRECT SERVICES from BRINDISI to EGYPT and the EAST.
Cheap Return Tickets.
For Particulars apply at the Company's Offices, 122, Leadenhall-street, E.C.; and 25, Cockspur-street, London, S.W.

HOT MINERAL SPRINGS OF BATH. Daily yield, 507,600 galls. Natural temp. 117 to 120 Fahr. The Baths were founded by the Romans in the First Century. Most valuable in cases of Rheumatism, Gout, Skin Affections. The Baths have been recently enlarged and perfected at great expense. One of the greatest hygienic physicians says: "They are the most complete in Europe." They include Thermal, Vapour, Douche with Massage (by Doucheurs and Doucheuses from Continental Spas), Needle Baths, Pulverisation, Spray, Dry and Moist Heat, Humage and Inhalation Rooms. All forms of Shower and Medicated Baths. Band Daily in the Pump-room. Address Manager for every information.

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LUCERNE.—Pension New Schweizerhaus. Comfortable English and American home, near Boats and Rail. Large garden. Extensive views of Alps, lake, and town. First medical recommendations. Pension, from six francs. JOSEPH KOST, Proprietor.

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The Grand HOTEL KURSAAL. Contains over 350 bedrooms, spacious and magnificent salons, lawn-tennis courts, sun pavilions and shelters, glass-covered galleries, lift, band, electric light. English system of drainage. Boating, picnics, level promenades. English resident physician. English church. Apply for terms and particulars to
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RIGI KALTBAD, near Lucerne. The sole Rigi Establishment, sheltered from the north winds. Railway station to the Rigi-Vitznau, the most interesting Alpine railway. Pension from 7 to 12 francs. Upwards of 400 beds. SEGESSER-FAADEN, Proprietor.

1890.
MUNICH ANNUAL FINE ART EXHIBITION
at the
ROYAL CRYSTAL PALACE,
From JULY 1 to OCT. 15.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS and OINTMENT. The Pills purify the blood, correct all disorders of the liver, stomach, kidneys, and bowels. The Ointment is unrivalled in the cure of bad legs, old wounds, gout, rheumatism.

LIQUEUR OF THE GRANDE CHARTREUSE.
This delicious Liqueur, which has lately come so much into public favour on account of its wonderful properties of aiding Digestion and preventing Dyspepsia, can now be had of all the principal Wine and Spirit Merchants.
Sole Consignee—W. DOYLE, 35, Crutchedfriars, London, E.C.

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BRIGHTON.—FREQUENT TRAINS From Victoria and London Bridge Termini.
Cheap Weekly, Fortnightly, and Monthly Season Tickets.
Cheap First Class Day Tickets to Brighton every Weekday From Victoria 10 a.m. Fare 12s. 6d., including Pullman Car.
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Special Fast Trains every Sunday, from London Bridge 9.25 a.m., New Cross 9.30 a.m., Victoria 9.25 a.m., Kensington (Addison-road) 9.10 a.m., Clapham Junction 9.30 a.m., and East Croydon 9.50 a.m.
Special Day Return Tickets, 15s., 10s. 6d., and 6s.

PARIS.—SHORTEST, CHEAPEST ROUTE. Viâ NEWHAVEN, DIEPPE, and ROUEN.

PARIS IN NINE AND A HALF HOURS.
Special Express Day Service Weekdays and Sundays.

London to Paris (1 & 2 Class).		Paris to London (1 & 2 Class).	
Victoria	dep. 9.0 a.m.	Paris	dep. 9.0 a.m.
London Bridge	„ 9.0 a.m.	London Bridge	arr. 7.0 p.m.
Paris	arr. 6.30 p.m.	Victoria	„ 7.0 p.m.

Improved Express Night Service Weekdays and Sundays.

London to Paris (1, 2, 3 Class).		Paris to London (1, 2, 3 Class).	
Victoria (West-End)	dep. 8.50 p.m.	Paris (St. Lazare)	dep. 8.50 p.m.
London Bridge (City)	9 p.m.		
Paris (St. Lazare)	arr. 8.0 a.m.	London Bridge (City)	arr. 7.40 a.m.
		Victoria (West-End)	7.50 a.m.

Fares—Single; First 34s. 7d., Second 25s. 7d., Third 18s. 7d.
Return, First 58s. 3d., Second 42s. 3d., Third 33s. 3d.
Powerful Paddle-Steamers with excellent Cabins, &c.
Trains run alongside Steamers at Newhaven and Dieppe.

SOUTH OF FRANCE, ITALY, SWITZERLAND, &c. Tourists' Tickets are issued enabling the holder to visit all the principal places of interest on the Continent.

FOR FULL PARTICULARS see Time-book and Handbills, to be obtained at Victoria, London Bridge, or any other Station, and at the following Branch Offices, where Tickets may also be obtained: West-End General Offices, 28, Regent-circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel-buildings, Trafalgar-square; Hays' Agency, Cornhill; Cook's Office, Ludgate-circus; and Gaze's Office, 142, Strand.
(By Order) A. SARLE, Secretary and General Manager.

GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY. SEASIDE.
TOURISTS', FORTNIGHTLY, and FRIDAY or SATURDAY to MONDAY or TUESDAY TICKETS, at reduced fares, are issued by all trains to YARMOUTH, Lowestoft, Cromer, Southend-on-Sea, Clacton-on-Sea, Walton-on-Naze, Harwich, Dovercourt, Felixstowe, Aldeburgh, Southwold, and Hunstanton.
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Southend-on-Sea and Burnham-on-Crouch Excursion Tickets are issued Daily from Liverpool-street, &c., by all trains. Fares—First, 5s; second, 4s.; third, 2s. 6d.
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For full particulars see bills.
London, June 1890. WM. BIRT, General Manager.

CHEAPEST CONTINENTAL HOLIDAY. The BELGIAN or LUXEMBURG ARDENNES, by the HARWICH ROUTE. Cheap Tickets and Tours to Holland, the Rhine, Switzerland, &c. Through Carriages from Liverpool-street Station at 8 p.m., Birmingham (New-street) 4 p.m., Manchester (London-road) 3 p.m., Doncaster 4.52 p.m. (in connection with Express Trains from the Midlands, the North, and Scotland), run direct to Harwich alongside the G.E.R. Co.'s Steamers to Antwerp and Rotterdam every Weekday, and the G.S.N. Co.'s Steamers to Hamburg on Wednesdays and Saturdays. Read "Walks in Holland," "Walks in the Ardennes," and the G.E.R.'s "Tourist Guide to the Continent," price 6d. each: by post, 8d. Guides, Timebooks, and information at 62, Regent-street, W.; or of the CONTINENTAL MANAGER, Liverpool-street Station, E.C.

A FACT.—Hair Colour Wash. By damping the hair with this Wash, in two hours its original colour is restored. No washing or preparation required. 10s. 6d., post for stamps.—ALEX. ROSS, 21, Lamb's Conduit-street, London.

DINNEFORD'S FLUID MAGNESIA. The best remedy for Acidity of the Stomach, Heartburn, Headache, Gout, and Indigestion, and safest aperient for delicate constitutions, ladies and children. Of all Chemists.

FRESH AIR FOR VERY POOR CHILDREN.—For each 10s. subscribed, a pale-faced, pent-up little London Child can be boarded out for fourteen days. During five seasons 2091 have enjoyed these most delicious holidays. £700 most pressingly needed.—Bankers: L. and County, Islington.—A. STYLEMAN HERRING, Vicar St. Paul's, Clerkenwell, 45, Colebrooke Row, N.

PETER ROBINSON, Oxford St.

ANNUAL SUMMER SALE.

Commencing MONDAY, JUNE 30.

500 Pieces Plain and Figured China Silks, from 1s. 3d. per yard.
200 Pieces Satin Merveilleux, from 1s. 11d. per yard.
200 Pieces Pure Silk, Stripes and Checks, from 1s. per yard.
50 Boxes Black Figured Velvet, 2s. per yard,
150 Pieces Double-Width Dress Materials, 1s. per yard, one third original prices.
300 Very Rich Unmade Robes, 49s. 6d., originally 4 guineas.
50 Pieces real Cheviot Tweeds, reduced to 1s. 11½d. per yard.
300 Pieces Zephyrs, reduced to 6¾d. per yard.
Remnants half price.
350 High-Class Mantles in Velvet, Silk, Jet, Lace, &c., from 5 guineas.
1000 Black and Coloured Tailor-Made Jackets, from 16s. 9d.
787 Travelling Cloaks, Dust Mantles, Ulsters, &c., from 17s. 6d.
270 Fur-Lined Cloaks, from £2 8s. 6d.

ANNUAL SUMMER SALE.

125 French Model Costumes, 4½ guineas, worth 12 guineas.
140 Floral or Spotted Pongee Costumes, from 1 guinea.
Black Yak Lace Dresses, 27s. 6d., worth 63s.
360 Children's Jersey Costumes, with Material Petticoats, 3s. 11d. and 5s. 11d.
60 Model Tea and Toilet Jackets from 21s.
500 Washing Blouses, Boating, and Tennis Shirts, from 2s. 6d.
900 Prettily Smocked Ladies' Jerseys, reduced to 4s. 6d.
Striped Coloured Silk Blouses from 12s. 6d.
100 Dozen Ladies' Lisle Thread Hose, Black and Coloured, 1s. 0½d. and 1s. 6½d. per pair.
4 and 6 Buttons Best Austrian Kid Gloves, reduced to 1s. 11½d. and 2s. 6d.
New Frilled Parasols, in Shot and Plain Coloured Silks, from 5s. 11d.
476 Pieces Coloured Tinsel Trimming, reduced to 1s. 6d. per yard.

DETAILED CATALOGUE ON APPLICATION.

EVERYTHING FOR LADIES' WEAR.

PETER ROBINSON, Oxford St.

I saw
a maid
with gaze intents
Upon the lovely scene
The river held her
mirror up
And doubled all the green.

Ah, me! I mused, what
raptured thoughts
Run through that pretty head?
Perhaps she's gazing on the spot
Where love's first words were said.
Her heart is lifted in such bliss
As is akin to pain;
She dreams anon of that sweet kiss
She fain would feel again
Her lover's words were mingled with
The nightingale's sweet trills.

She moves! Ah, Heavens, she'd read a bill
Which said, "Try Beecham's Pills!"

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